THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is our intention to devote a plate in each number of The Port Folio to the description of American Scenery. To the pencil our country affords an inexhaustible abundance, which, for picturesque effect, cannot be surpassed in any part of the old world. We invite the artist and the amateur to furnish us with Sketches, and accompanying descriptions.

BUTTERMILK-FALLS CREEK, in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, is a tributary stream of the Susquehanna river. Its springs are between the branches of the Lawahanock, (pronounced by the settlers Lackawany,) and the Tunkanock. Uniting its different branches near the river, it falls into the Susquehanna, on the east side, about twenty miles above the town of Wilkesbarre. The land on it is, principally, timbered with oak; the soil is, in general, of an inferior quality. This stream abounds with fine situations for mills, and other water works, having, in its course, several considerable falls, from a supposed resemblance in colour to the foam of which, it derives its homely name. The sketch, given with this, is of the lower fall, near the river.

It is to be observed, that in this country, we apply the name of creek in a manner different from its signification in England. There, it means an arm of the sea, or inlet; with us, it denotes such a stream as in our mother country would be called a rivulet, or river. But she can find among her streams no parallel to the majesty of our rivers, to whose

"dread expanse,
"Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
"*Her* floods are rills."

R. H. R.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This title has the strongest claims upon the regard of our rising republic. In monarchies, in aristocracies, and even in despotism itself, Eloquence is *most potent* to confound Guilt and to vindicate Innocence; but, in every commonwealth, from that of Athens to this of America, Oratory is a sort of governing Genius, moulding the mind of man. In our own country, the proofs of this assertion are innumerable. Under the old government, and under the new, our public speakers have not only been signally conspicuous, but, with magic art, have displayed all the power of Shakspeare's *Prospero* over the people. Hence, whatever contributes, after the manner of Quintilian and Cicero, to the formation of an accomplished orator, deserves, not only in a liberal, but even in a mercenary view, the attention of every aspirant to fame and fortune.

Strongly impressed with the truth of these sentiments, we commence the ensuing article with singular satisfaction. The Rev. Dr. JAMES ABERCROMBIE, whose care in the education of youth is familiar to the applauding public, has twice delivered in the Philadelphia Academy a course of Lectures upon the Arts of Reading and Public Speaking. The following is the introductory Discourse, and fully unfolds the judicious plan of its accomplished author.

Although *much* of the matter of which these Lectures are composed is *original*, yet a considerable portion has been selected from the most popular authors on the important subject of Elocution. In the winter of 1806, at the request of some young gentlemen, who, with a few exceptions, were shaping their education with a view to the Bar, elementary instruction on the cardinal topics of Rhetoric was desired. Our Lecturer accordingly composed the following course, which, we understand, he intends in future to repeat, with the necessary exemplifications, during the winter season, for the benefit of such gentlemen as may wish to receive instruction in those important arts. Dr. A. has obviously, and we think successfully, endeavoured to obtain a comprehensive command of his subject, by diligently studying, carefully comparing, and elegantly epitomizing the sentiments and precepts of the great masters, from Aristotle, Quintilian, and Cicero, down to Rollin, Campbell, and Enfield. After the multiplied labours both of the sequestered student and the powerful orator, it would argue either presumption, or impertinence in any author, who arrogantly professed to exhibit a system entirely new. On the contrary, the most popular didactic writers have framed their volumes in the form of a *Digest*, and satisfied themselves with the collation, rather than the invention of the topics of oratory. In support of this opinion, it is remembered that the elegant biographer of Blair, the learned and accomplished Dr. Hill, fully justifies the practice, and thus successfully quotes his author:

"As he did not pique himself upon the depth of his Lectures, so neither did he boast of their originality. Upon every subject treated of, he tells us that

he had thought for himself, but that he had availed himself, occasionally, of the ideas of others. He felt it his duty to convey to his pupils all the knowledge that could improve them. By borrowing from others, he understood that he not only enlarged the mass, but gave a value to the parts of it, of which they might otherwise have been destitute."

We cannot terminate this introduction without insisting, with all our emphasis, upon the utility, beauty, and power of the arts, in charmful confederacy, of Reading, Speaking, and Conversing.

He who is master of either one or all of these liberal accomplishments, is, under whatever government, or whatever fortune, a sort of potentate in the realms of mind. He governs, he fascinates, he instructs, he delights his contemporaries. *An eloquent man*, as we read in the Scriptures, *is known far and near*. In the sublime and beautiful language of the impassioned Job, Unto him men give ear and wait, and keep silence at his counsel. The young men see him, and hide themselves, and the aged arise, and stand up. When the ear hears him, it blesses him, and when the eye sees him, it is a witness of his glory. We ardently hope that the generous youth of America will survey, with the highest enthusiasm, the elegant figure of Eloquence, and prefer her before sceptres and thrones, and *esteem riches nothing in comparison to her*. Ed.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

Gentlemen,

Improvement in the important arts of *Reading* and of *Public Speaking*, being the object of the Lectures I propose to deliver to you, I shall, in the course of them, endeavour to explain the great principles upon which those arts are founded; by the knowledge and strict observance of which principles *alone*, correctness of enunciation, gracefulness of delivery, and that impressive communication of thought which arrests the attention and captivates the heart, are to be obtained.

The correct and graceful reader or speaker, possesses a power little short of that ascribed to necromancers and magicians, of fascinating and enchaining the fancy, imagination, and affections of the persons they address, and thus "leading them captive at their will."

——qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus.

Hor. Ep.

He gives a skilful trial of his art,
With passions not my own who warms my heart;
Who with unreal terrors fills my breast,
As with a magic influence possessed.

FRANCIS.

This, however, is not to be done, but by those who are regularly instructed in the principles, and initiated into the arts and mysteries, by which these wonderful effects are produced.

Various frequently are the avenues which lead to, and different the modes of access adopted in order to accomplish, the possession of the desired object. Many learned, elaborate, and judicious treatises upon both the arts now under consideration have been given to the world by accomplished orators and finished scholars; but, *theory* alone, though flowing from the animated pen of a Cicero, a Quintilian, a Sheridan, a Walker, a Massillon, or a Burke, and enforced by the most luminous *written* exemplifications, will never form either a correct reader, or a graceful and pleasing orator. It is information *exemplified* and enforced by *practice* which can give effectual instruction either in the art of reading or that of public speaking. This combination of precept and example is the object of my present undertaking; and in the execution of it, the investigation and development of the two subjects will consist more of *practical* than of elaborate and minute *theoretical* discussion; such being the speediest and most effectual mode of acquiring a competent knowledge of both. Of course, the necessity of delivering a regular didactic discourse at *every* meeting will be obviated; and instruction conveyed more agreeably, because less formally, in occasional remarks and familiar observations.

There are, however, some leading and essential principles in both the arts, which must be methodically arranged, systematically communicated in *written* language, and carefully committed to memory, in order to form a proper basis for proficiency in the oral communication of sentiment, whether by reading or by recitation. These, of course, will constitute the subjects of my future Lectures, with an analysis of which I shall conclude the present, after suggesting a few preliminary observations upon the *general* principles of *both* the arts. At the same time premising, that many of the precepts and remarks throughout the course will be extracted from the most judicious and popular writers on the subjects before us; little remaining to be added upon topics which have been so recently and so minutely discussed by a Blair, a Beattie, a Barron, a Campbell, and a Home. He, however, who judiciously combines and condenses the elaborate dictates of such high authorities will, perhaps, more effectually promote the interests of science, and the dissemination of useful knowledge, than by vainly attempt-

ing to diversify, and thereby to improve, merely by a change of language, the instruction already so copiously, so happily conveyed: although the *chain of connexion*, with some *original* supplementary observations and elucidations, may be introduced with advantage, and prove an interesting and valuable contribution to the general stock of Polite Literature.

First then—*Of the Art of Reading.*

By the Art of Reading, I mean the art of correct and articulate pronunciation; or, of intelligibly, emphatically, and impressively repeating what is *written* in any language: or, in other words, the Art of Reading *well*, consists in pronouncing the thoughts of others, or our own, exhibited in visible characters, as if the same had their full and proper operation on our minds, and were the result of our own immediate conception. He, therefore, who would acquire a just and forcible pronunciation in reading, must not only fully comprehend the sense or meaning, but enter into the *spirit* of his author: for he can never *convey* the force and fullness of the author's ideas to another, unless he *feels* them himself: and the voice will naturally vary, according to the impression made upon the mind, or the passion excited. In common conversation, we speak in a natural voice with proper accent, emphasis, and tone; yet when we read or recite the sentiments of others, we too frequently assume a stiff, lifeless, or unnatural manner. The reason is, that in the one case we *feel* what we express, and instinctively commit the expression of it to *Nature* alone, who, if unrestrained, will always give just and forcible expression to sentiment: whereas, in the other case, as we do not *feel*, though we may fully comprehend and understand the meaning of an author, we cannot possibly commit the expression of the sentiment to the agency of *Nature* alone, animated as she invariably is, by the pure operation of mind upon the organs of sense.

A mere audible recital of the words of any author, as it may be made by a person who does not understand, and what is more, who does not *feel* what he says, so it may be made also in such a manner as not to be understood by those who hear him; or, if not totally unintelligible, be at least but *imperfectly* or obscurely understood; whereas the art of reading *well*, consists in conveying to the *hearer* the *whole meaning of the writer*. *Socrates* has truly observed, that all men are eloquent on those subjects which they perfectly understand: and *Cicero* remarks, with equal truth, though with less acuteness, that no man can speak well on those topics which he has not studied. To this end, it is evidently necessary that the reader should himself *understand* and *feel* what he reads, before he can possibly repeat it intelligibly and effectually to others.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Hor. Ar. Po. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

Francis.

Men will not suppose that we are affected by a subject, if they do not observe in the delivery of our language the marks of emotion in our souls. Commiseration will never be excited by a smiling countenance. To *draw* a tear, you must *feel* enough to *shed* one. And it is for this reason your language must carry the marks of the passions you wish to communicate.

This is the first and indisputable qualification of a good reader, without which, the clearest and most articulate pronunciation, with all the aid of tone, look, and gesture, will avail nothing, or only serve to *mislead* the hearer: the orator, actor, and reader, though each has his distinct province in the art of public recitation or pronunciation, being all understood to *say* what they appear to *mean*, rather than what they literally utter.

As a proof of this might be quoted a number of passages, literally harmless and inoffensive, which may, nevertheless, be so spoken as to inflame the hearer with the most sudden and impetuous resentment, or some other violent passion. For instance—in that admirable Tragedy of Shakspeare, Othello, in which the passion of jealousy is so fully, so forcibly portrayed, the first question by which Iago attempts to excite it, if pronounced in a calm, unimpassioned manner, would appear to be nothing more than a simple interrogative, proposed merely for the sake of information, as

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

But if expressed with its proper emphasis and concomitant expression of countenance, whereby some deep and mysterious meaning is indicated, attention and suspicion in the person to whom it is addressed are naturally awakened, as

Iago. *Did* Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Accordingly we find that its proper effect was by that means immediately produced in the mind of Othello, who after giving the information, "he did from first to last," adds, "Why dost thou ask?" Iago replies,

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? Ay, honest?
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cryd'st, *Indeed?*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you.—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!

Othello, Act III, sc. iii.

During the whole of this interesting Dialogue, though no positive declaration is made by Iago, the most powerful effects are produced upon Othello, merely by tones, emphases, and looks, by which the passion of jealousy is excited to a degree bordering upon frenzy.

Again—What can seem to be more unimportant, or unaffecting than to designate an individual by his proper name? Yet, how irresistibly impressive is the conclusion of Alonzo's address to Pizarro, when uttered with proper emphasis and tone?

"I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. "Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—PI-ZAR-RO." Act III, Sc. iii.

Such are universally the wonderful, yet *natural* effects of correct expression.

There are many persons of most excellent understanding, who perfectly comprehend what they read, and yet are incapable of justly conveying to others, the meaning they so fully comprehend; and this, not from any ignorance of the language, not from any defect in their faculties, or organs of speech; but from want of having properly cultivated them by a careful and studious attention to the essential principles of the art of reading, applied and exemplified by a judicious instructor.

As the Art of Reading does not consist, like that of acting, in really adopting the words and sentiments of the writer, it is sufficient that the reader recite what is written in such a manner, that the auditors at the time of hearing, may conceive it then *first* spoken by the person reciting, or at least in such a manner, as the person first speaking it would naturally have uttered it.

Now, this art hath been hitherto so generally neglected, or superficially treated, that few writers have advanced anything satisfactory on the subject, or laid down a system of rules professedly with the view here pointed out. General precepts enough have been given to make public speakers acquainted with the *theory*, and *elementary* principles of pronunciation, but this is only presenting the *massy*, *inanimate* substance of Elocution, devoid of that Promethean fire, which alone can communicate expression, vigour, energy, and beauty to that substance. The principal object of those who have hitherto written upon the subject appears to have been, that of marking the several points of punctuation with an equability of pauses, pointing out the emphatic word,

and, in fact, labouring to make the reader uniformly *accurate*, while the Spirit and Animation of Elocution are entirely neglected.

To supply this deficiency, or rather to attempt what has hitherto (at least in *this* city) been disregarded as unnecessary, or despaired of as impracticable, is my intention, in the course of the Lectures I have now undertaken, and the *practical* instructions which will result from them; as a certain series of reading and recitation must be undertaken by every member of the class in rotation, subject to corrections and criticisms, and regulated by the principles laid down in the Lectures.

This, though perhaps a novel, is, I conceive, the most effectual mode of obtaining the desired end; and as the exercises will be entirely confined to the class, and of course must be considered of a *private* nature, I doubt not the gentlemen will readily conform to the method I have adopted. Without this, though correctness with respect to pronunciation may be obtained, the proper portion of *animation* and *expression*, which belongs to each author, cannot. For there is a certain glow and spirit of expression, to be found in almost all literary productions, which, being kept alive in the delivery, will thereby impress the sentiment upon the mind with irresistible effect: but, if neglected, every word which is uttered will sound frigidly inanimate. And though correctness of pronunciation, with respect to accent, emphasis, and pause be strictly attended to, all will seem dull, tame, and insipid. The body indeed, or words, may be seen or heard, nay, perhaps the meaning of the author may appear, but it will be cold and lifeless.

Gray justly remarks, there are "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—a tame and lifeless pronunciation strangles these breathing thoughts, quenches these burning words: the former expire in the frigid bosom; and the latter, void of animation, hang like icicles on the palsied lip.

That the student should have a knowledge of some of those leading precepts and principles, which are dictated by nature and reason, cannot be denied, but these alone will never make him a master of the art. He will find from experience that an emphatic *pause*, accompanied by a suitable *look*, and *inflexion of tone*, at certain places, either attended to or neglected, will give a captivating expression to a sentence, or completely destroy its proper effect, if not its meaning: and that the greatest beauties in the delivery of a sentence depend so much upon such simple graces of expression, of tone, and countenance, as will at once convince him of the impossibility of their being gained by any *written* system whatever. The subject must first operate upon the reader or speaker, before *he* can properly operate upon the subject.

"Ardeat, qui vult incendere."

CICERO.

"The orator's breast must glow with the passion he describes, before he can excite its flame in the breasts of others."

"Prius afficiamur ipsi, ut alios afficiamus."

QUINTILIAN.

"We must be affected ourselves, before we can affect others."

The following passage from Milton's Paradise Lost, containing the address of the Almighty, to the heavenly powers, on the subject of man's redemption, should exemplify variety of tone, and force of emphasis:

Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself forever; by thee I live,

Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou will not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
Forever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile;
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring.

The following passage from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, very forcibly exhibits both the emphatic and sentential pauses:

The bell strikes One! We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!
Tho' sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

(*To be continued.*)

POLITE LITERATURE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMONG the literary publications of Paris, the Journal de l'Empire has deservedly a conspicuous place. Formerly, the Journal des Debats, it assumed, about four years since, its present title, when the change in the government left no longer any debates to report, and is now, though a daily newspaper, chiefly devoted to letters. The editor, Julien-Louis Geoffroy, an ancient abbot, of elegant education and acquirements, is assisted by many men of science; but the department peculiarly his own, is that of Polite Literature. In this, he is distinguished by a sound, classical, independent judgment, and a style of arch and careless raillery, which his enemies (for he is a critic) say is sometimes too ill-natured. The Journal de l'Empire, however, guides the public sentiment of Paris on subjects of taste, and resembles, perhaps more than any French Journal since his time, the Mercure of Marmon-

tel. We shall have frequent occasion to enrich the pages of The Port Folio from this brilliant Miscellany. The article this day selected is one of considerable interest, as it announces the results of an honourable projet to extend the limits of human knowledge. The flattering auspices under which it commenced excited very high expectations; but the friends of science have to regret that by the loss of the most distinguished persons on the expedition, the care of it devolved on its younger members. We are happy to find, however, that they have acquitted themselves so well, and that science has much to expect from their zeal and industry. The Review is written by Mr. Malte Brun, the author in conjunction with Mentel, of an extensive geographical work, and if we remember aright, a Dane by birth, but long since naturalized in French literature.

A Voyage of Discovery to Australasia, performed by order of H. M. the Emperor and King, during the years 1800—4, *published by an Imperial decree, by Mr. Peron, the Historical Atlas by Messrs. Lesueur and Petit, under the direction of Mr. Melbert. The Geographical Atlas by Mr. Freycinet.* 2 *vols. in* 4to. *and Atlas.* 72 *Francs.*

ALTHOUGH of this great work there has as yet appeared only the first volume of the account and the corresponding part of the Atlas, the friendship with which we are honoured by the editors enables us to give to the public a general and complete idea of this immortal monument of the courage of the French travellers and of Imperial munificence. Nine years since, Napoleon, after having reestablished public affairs, and laid the first foundations of a solid government, expressed the noble desire of seeing his reign marked by the completion of that long series of geographical discoveries which have made us acquainted with almost all the shores of the habitable world. On the proposal of the Institute, an expedition to New Holland and the Australasian countries in its neighbourhood, was resolved on, to obtain information with regard to those vast regions, which, by the right of prior discovery, belonged to the allies of France, the Dutch and the Spaniards—that part of the world where the Carterets, the Walles, and the Cooks, were ordered to seek a new Peru for the tyrants of the ocean, and in the bosom of which a flourishing colony established at an enormous expense already announced the pretensions and the hopes of England. To complete the discovery of these countries, to verify the observations of preceding travellers, and to become acquainted with all the physical and political advantages of this new world, the wisest plans were traced, the most luminous and precise instructions given, geographers and naturalists of the greatest zeal and talents were chosen and provided with ships, provisions, instruments, with every thing in short necessary

to fulfil their glorious mission. Peaceable deputies from a great civilized nation to savage tribes, they carried to these deserted children of nature, the most useful presents. The common interest of all European nations in the sciences disarmed the enemies of France, and England opened to these travellers a free passage across her squadrons. All these circumstances seemed to promise to the expedition success the most brilliant and the most useful to science. But alas! the spirit of little personal intrigue, that malignant spirit born amid the ancient civil discords of France, strengthened under the influence of weak and corrupted courts, and become omnipotent under the reign of pretended liberty, that spirit which retards so many great and useful projects, had obtained a fatal ascendancy in the choice of the commander of this expedition. If we believe the authors of this account, these interesting travellers, who, at the call of Glory, rushed into a career so perilous, were confided to the folly of a chief who neglected all his instructions, who ran directly against the obstacles he was directed to avoid, who did not know how to take advantage of winds or currents, who even prevented the researches he ought to have favoured, and to complete the evil, sacrificed to a sordid avarice, or a guilty want of foresight, the health and the lives of all his companions. We are frightened at the picture drawn by the compiler of the voyage, of the sufferings which he shared with the other members of the expedition, sometimes struggling in feeble vessels against the fury of the elements to which the chief abandoned them, sometimes in a slower but more fatal contest with hunger, and thirst, and disease. While Captain Cook made the tour of the world without losing more than a single man, out of the twenty-three scientific travellers who composed the expedition to Australasia, only three have returned. The public believed almost generally that this voyage would produce no acquisition to science, when a Report to the Institute apprized them that (thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Messrs. Peron, Lesueur, Bailly, Freycinet, and some others) the harvest of discoveries in natural history and geography would be infinitely more abundant and interesting than circumstances permitted them to hope, and even that it would much surpass those produced by the most famous English travels. Soon after, from the midst of camps and the snows of Germany, the Emperor ordered the publication of a work which might preserve to posterity the fruits of this great enterprise. In the Imperial decree the name of the chief who had so badly conducted the expedition was not mentioned, nor is it in the whole course of the relation of the voyage. The work when complete will comprise, 1. The Historical Account of the Voyage by Mr. Peron, in 2 vols. in 4to., of which we have the first before us, and we know that the printing of the second is far advanced. 2. The History of the People of Australasia by the same author, which is an al-

most inseparable continuation of the Historical Account. 3. An Historical Atlas, of which the greater part has appeared, and which is designed by Messrs. Lesueur and Petit, engraved by Messrs. Nee, Roger, Fortier, and other artists of the first rank. 4. An Hydrographical and Geographical Atlas, with explanatory memorials, by Mr. Freycinet, of these we have seen some Charts surveyed and drawn up with admirable care, and which for richness of detail, and exactness of method, leave far behind the best works of the English. 5. A collection of meteorological observations and others, relative to the temperature of the sea. 6. The scientific description of all the objects of Natural History, collected in the voyage.

It is impossible for us to state in a single article all the important results of this great work. However, we believe that till we can in subsequent articles, follow the travellers step by step, the public will learn with pleasure what are the principal fruits of so many labours.

The Eastern and Southern coasts of Van Diemen's Land have been examined and surveyed with the greatest detail. The discoveries of former navigators, partially or imperfectly known, have been connected together, corrected and completed. In this Island, which commands the entrance of the Great Pacific Ocean, they have discovered several canals and ports capable of becoming the seats of very important Colonies.

The question whether New Holland is a single mass of land, or a collection of great Island, has been decided. The part of the Southern coast connecting Nuytsland, with New South Wales, has been discovered, and received the name of Napoleon Land. That vast country presents two gulfs, one called Bonaparte, and the other honoured with the name of Josephine, but neither of these gulfs opens the entrance of that Mediterranean Sea, which some had supposed in the centre of New Holland. The Peninsula Cambaceres, and the Islands Decres and King have been surveyed with great detail. There does not appear to be any great river on this coast.

The West and Northwest coast so much dreaded by navigators have been also examined in detail. Shark's Bay is found to be much more extensive than it appears in former charts. The Archipelago Bonaparte, the Islands Lacepede and Forestier, and a multitude of shoals and rocks border these inhospitable shores, where little salt rivers flow across stony and sandy soils. There is nothing which indicates an opening in this extent of coast. On the other side Captain Flinders has examined anew the gulf of Carpentaria, and all the Eastern coast without being able to penetrate anywhere into the interior of the country. It seems then decided, that New Holland is at least on the coasts, a vast desert without rivers, or straits to facilitate access to the

interior. Even on the coast, however, there are fertile spots where the vegetation is often very rich, but fresh water is extremely rare. On whatever side you approach this great island, or this continent, you feel a burning wind which seems to rise from the centre of this vast country, and spread itself equally to all the coasts. From this phenomenon, we would be tempted to suppose, that New-Holland is full of sandy deserts, like those of Sahara in Africa: though how to reconcile this dryness and heat, with the extreme height of the mountains, which have resisted all the attempts of the English to cross them, is still a great question to resolve.

Although the island of Timor has been often mentioned by others, the interesting researches made there by our travellers may be considered as equal to a second discovery. Even on the Canary Islands, the beaten track of all voyages, Mr. Peron has found means to be original. The judicious observations of Mr. Bailly refute all the imaginary systems on the island Atlantis.

The interviews which they had with the savages of the different countries are related by Mr. Peron in a manner extremely engaging and instructive. His experiments on the physical force of the individuals of different races of men destroy the opinion entertained of the superiority of savages: in this point of view, the picture of the English colonies he will draw, in the second volume, will excite the liveliest interest in the political world.*

We shall now advert to the observations made by our travellers on the moral and physical character of the savages they visited. The philosophers of Greece saw in savage life only a degradation of the human race, and to make the wandering hordes of the forest submit to the mild yoke of civilization, to exchange their acorns and water for the use of grain, the vine, and the olive, were the exploits which tradition ascribed to the gods themselves. The gratitude of nations raised altars to the inventors of the early arts of social life, and to the legislators, who, by the wisdom of their institutions, enchained the natural ferocity of man. That temple is still standing which the Athenians dedicated to the manes of Theseus, the hero whose victorious arm destroyed, on their rocks and in their caverns, the remains of an incorrigible race, who, in the bosom of rising civilization, wished still to enjoy the unjust advantages which the savage state ensures to force and violence. The ancient historians never so far violated truth as to represent the sa-

* It was understood, before this work was published, that these experiments proved the superior physical strength of the English; a result, to publish which, must have required a sacrifice of national partiality very honourable to Mr. Peron. Σ.

vage life as enviable. When they describe the Celts immolating every stranger who had fallen into their hands, the Geloni dressing themselves in the skins of the enemies they had slain, the Tibarenians precipitating from rocks their old men, that they might no longer be obliged to support them, the Hyrcanians throwing to the vultures the dead bodies of their fathers, they certainly did not mean to praise the mildness or the humanity of these hordes. But if the savage state, properly so called, present only a disgusting picture, it is not so with that middle state, between barbarism and civilization, which may be termed the spring of social life. Those heroic efforts of an infant nation fighting for its altars and its firesides, that amiable familiarity which assembles in the same temple, and at the same festival, the Prince and the people, high-minded Poverty and modest Wealth, that frank and simple love of country which warms every heart, strengthens every arm, and directs every action: that sweet ingenuousness which pervades the morals and the manners of every class from the throne to the cottage, that character of interest, and even of wonder, that attaches itself to the smallest enterprizes, the most petty wars, or the shortest journies; in short, all that characterizes growing civilization offers a certain bloom of youth, of freshness, and of grace, which ceases with the maturity of civilized life, and above all, is lost in the melancholy old age of nations and empires. It is there that some ardent gloomy spirit, some Tacitus or Rousseau, indignant at the corruption which surrounds them, shocked at the sight of all the vices, perhaps too, secretly weary of the monotony of long civilized society, look around with an unquiet glance, to seek in some region of time or space, the reality of that better world whose image they feel in their own hearts: they believe they have found it in past ages and in distant countries, since distance embellishes everything, while the light and shade of antiquity in displaying only the beauty of the masses conceal whatever might be less agreeable in the details. Those philosophers, however, who, to much imagination, unite a certain degree of firmness and justice, do not seek their ideal world beyond the beauties of civilization—they do not go back to the hapless of mankind, nor the fables of the golden age; they stop at the ages of Homer and of Suidas, of Achilles and of Leonidas, the brilliant adolescence of a few nations privileged by heaven. But the haughty sophists, the ignorant phrasemakers, the political dreamers, all those, in short, who have too often usurped the name of philosophers are not content with these beautiful but simple pictures presented by this happy era of growing refinement. No—it is in the cave of the Cyclops, the bloody forest of the Druids, in the midst of the cannibals of Africa and America, that they seek the models of those portraits by which they would persuade us that the sa-

vage state is the most natural, the happiest, and the noblest to which man can aspire. Then come the travellers, either full of childish vanity and pretensions to what fools call genius, or else delivering their pompous accounts to be published by self-stiled men of letters, who know nothing but their own language. These little rhetoricians cooly repeat, as so many facts, all the fictions of philosophers and the falsehoods of sophists in favour of savages; and, on their word, good-natured readers consider it all as incontestible truth. Thus it is, that the prejudices in favour of savage life arise, and strengthen, and spread, prejudices which the vulgar deem highly philosophical, though precisely the reverse.

Mr. Peron and his companions had the advantage of living in the midst of these children of nature so much admired by our academicians and romance writers. Alas! these travellers can scarcely boast of the reception they had from the children of nature. In return for the benefits offered to them they acted with the blackest perfidy, and a ferocity without bounds. Mr. Peron thus represents one of the tribes, the least intractable, that which inhabits the island of Maria:

"The physiognomy of these savages is very expressive, the passions display themselves with force and succeed each other with rapidity—variable as their affections, the features of the face follow and are moulded by them—frightful and wild in menace—in suspicion uneasy and treacherous—in laughter of foolish and almost convulsive gayety—among the old, the countenance is sad, hard, and gloomy, and in all persons, generally, at whatever moment they are seen, their look has always something wicked and ferocious which cannot escape an attentive observer, and which but too well corresponds with their character." Neither the presents made to them, nor the amusements they were permitted to enjoy, seemed to inspire them with the the least sentiment of good will. They regarded them only as the tribute offered by weakness, and endeavoured to plunder our travellers by force of all that they carried with them. More than once they threatened to pierce with their *sagais* the author whose account we follow.

"I had scarcely escaped," says he, "from this danger when I found myself exposed in a manner if not as perilous, at least very disagreeable. One of the gold rings I had in my ears excited the wishes of another savage, who, without saying anything, slipped behind me, put his finger slyly into the ring, and pulled it with such force that he would certainly have torn my ear if the ring had not opened. When it is remembered that these were men on whom we had heaped presents, whom we had, if I may so express myself, loaded with looking-glasses, knives, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, &c. that I had stripped myself of almost all the buttons of my coat, which, being of gilt brass,

seemed from their shining to be particularly valuable, that we had yielded to all their caprices and wishes without asking any return for all our presents, it may be seen how perfidious and unjust was their conduct towards us. I might even positively assert, that without Mr. Rouget and his means of frightening them, Mr. Petit and myself would have fallen victims to these wild men. I ought frankly to declare, that all their actions bore the stamp of a perfidy and ferocity, shocking to myself and my comrades, and on comparing what we saw with what had previously happened in the canal to several of our companions, we concluded, that no one should visit these people without sufficient force to restrain their violence or repel their attacks." This opinion of Mr. Peron is, unfortunately, applicable to all savage nations, as may be seen in the accounts of travellers. Even in places where the inhabitants are most praised for their gentleness, Europeans, when alone, or too weak, have run great risks, and very often been the victims of their confidence and generosity. What particularly characterises savage life is the slavery of the women, as, at the other end of the chain, the too great influence of the fair sex announces the corruption of civilized society. The women in Australasia are considered as mere beasts of burden destined to the hardest and most servile labours.

We will finish this sketch by asserting, according to Mr. Cuvier, that all the English travels together have not produced so great a number of discoveries in Natural History. Mr. Leschenault, who left the expedition at Timor, and since travelled into the interior of Java, will give very extensive and valuable information on the botanical part of the voyage. The mineralogy of that part of the world resembles much that of the rest of the globe. Mr. Bailly will, however, inform us of many interesting subjects of physical geography. Zoology is the brilliant part of the voyage. The collection of specimens in this science amounts to more than one hundred thousand pieces, and it is believed contains some thousands of new species. They are principally small quadrupeds, amphibious animals, and the genera mollusca, and zoophyta, to which two last classes chiefly belong the most beautiful discoveries of Mr. Peron, and the most elegant designs of his friend and coadjutor.

Men of letters, who declaim so absurdly against what they call the spirit of minutiæ, that is, the essential spirit of every solid science, will do well to cast a glance on the plates representing the most rare of these animals. They will then, perhaps, permit the judicious part of the public to believe that there are no studies more interesting, more noble, more worthy of man than those which have for their object the wonders which an all-powerful hand has scattered over the whole surface of the globe, from the summits of the Alps and the Andes to the bosom of the earth and the abyss of the seas.

Σ.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXII.

In the parts of Paris we are now speaking of, the streets are narrow and dirty, and crowded with carts and carriages, and persons on foot, who all seem intent on some business or other:—the houses are nearly of one appearance, and there are now and then small shops and stalls, with broken victuals for sale, and of sorts which suppose very humble appetites and very great poverty, in those who can be purchasers of them. Beggars are to be met in every part of the city; some of them keep changing to and from different parts of a street, while others have their stations, which they take as regularly as a sentinel mounts guard; stories are told of their meetings of an evening, and of their carousals, but I generally considered such relations as evasions by which an uncharitable disposition conceals itself. How these beggars really subsist is a mystery, for whatever private charity there may be, there is no place on earth where charity shows itself less in public, or where the government is less solicitous about the maintenance of the poor. There are many other distressing objects in the streets who are seen raking in obscure corners for rags and scraps of paper, and bones and pieces of broken glass, which they sell by weight at certain manufactories; they are generally women and frequently advanced in life; I have seen one put a piece of bread into her mouth which she had uncovered in the collected sweepings of the street, and receive a few sous which were put into her hand with all the gratitude of a mind that felt the merciful interference of Providence to protect her from starving. Our present course will conduct us, if you follow the thread, to the head of the Rue de la Monnoie, which leads up from the Pont Neuf, where the Rue Betizi enters it at right angles; it was in this street, and two doors from the north corner, where it joins the Rue de la Monnoie, that Admiral Coligny resided at the time of the St. Barthelemy. To judge from what the present inhabitants assert, and indeed from the appearance of the house, not the least alteration

has taken place there. I entered the court yard, and stood under what had been the admiral's chamber window, and probably on the spot on which this gallant gentleman once lay extended: he was a man of exalted merit, a stranger in a very corrupt age to every base and selfish motive, and having embraced the protestant religion, which others made a pretext of, from reflection and conviction, he was determined to adhere to it at every risk; in times of peace his mind was fertile in expedients for the good of the people, nor was he less distinguished in war. Above all the commanders of his time he could rise terrible to his enemies after a defeat; he knew how to preserve an army unbroken, though defeated, and could infuse his own unconquerable courage into the breasts of others. It is melancholy that the genius and spirit of this distinguished character should have found their principal employment in the horrors of a civil war, and that the remains of such a hero should have been treated with indignity by such a man as the Duke of Guise, who was himself one of the most distinguished characters of the age he lived in; men like those two with about half a dozen of their friends and followers united, might have fixed the prosperity of their country upon a basis not easily to be shaken. The president, Henault, whom I have made great use of in all I have said to you about France, observes, that we are apt to complain of the dearth of great men, and to regret those times when a number of illustrious names were conspicuous at the same period; great and important events prepared with genius, promoted by all the arts of human ingenuity, and executed with courage, are sure to attract our attention most powerfully; but it frequently happens that the people are far from being rendered happier by a circumstance so agreeable to our imagination. When several individuals, men of high abilities and of great power lay claim at the same time to an equal share in the administration of the government, they generally begin by weakening and by subverting the supreme authority. The Duke of Guise supported by his four aspiring brothers, all equally valiant with himself and possessing the greatest influence by means of their splendid connexions, bore down everything before him. There are many interesting anecdotes related of those times to be found only in books which are very little read, that might amuse you; but I have already too often wandered from my purpose, and must conduct you down the

Rue de la Monnoie to the extremity of the Pont Neuf, where the torrent of human life seems rolling along without intermission. Hundreds are to be seen here moving in all directions, and amid a constant noise of carriages; there are pedlers offering sometimes a variety of little articles at the same price for each, and hawkers holding out the last bulletin for sale, or reading it to a large circle, and sellers of oranges, and of ready made clothes, and of articles to eat all hot from the frying-pan, and of old books, or of pieces of carpeting, or of prints, strung upon a twine, and there are signs very neatly painted in which you are told that the citizen such a one is ready to run of a message for you, and that he or his wife will shear a lap-dog, or crop his ears, or cure him of the mange; and to make up the group there are beggars at their stands, and the keepers of movable gaming-tables, and musicians, conjurers, and mountebanks selling physic, and lemonadiers, and fortune-tellers. The lemonadier is a man very neatly and rather fantastically dressed, who has a large urn upon bis back, from which he offers liquorice and water, and sometimes lemonade to all that pass. Some of these highway musicians perform upon a variety of instruments at the same time, but I could not perceive that they made anything. As the celebrated Elvion of the Feydeau Theatre was passing here once with his wife, they were struck with the distress of a poor musician who was doing his best to attract attention upon an ordinary piano forte, which he accompanied with his voice, and determined both of them to indulge the frolic of doing a good action. Elvion sat down to the piano and played some favourite air; the lady held a hat out, and half a dozen louis were soon collected for one who perhaps hardly in his life before had ever seen so much money. It must have been some anecdote of this sort that gave rise to what we are told by the poets, of the powers of the celebrated Amphion, who was able by the sounds of his harp to move stocks and stones at the building of Thebes. I have been more than once amused in the midst of all this uproar without confusion, to perceive the grave and silent demeanor of the soldier upon guard, who sometimes interferes with a monosyllable as he walks backwards and forwards upon the pavement, but who is generally as calm and as serene as the angel in Addison's famous simile; by the way I cannot help thinking my application of this figure a better one than the poet's, the

hero of the campaign was certainly a very great man, but with all his genius for war, his courage and experience, he is said never to have heard the whistling of a cannon ball without dodging. I have walked frequently for half an hour together in the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf, and have always observed that the fortune-tellers seemed most attended to. Their usual mode of proceeding is by a pack of cards, which they shuffle, and then gravely examine, revealing as they happen to be paid, no doubt, and from a glimpse of the truth which they are expert in catching, the future intentions and dispensation of Providence: I have seen some well-looking young women listening with attention to these seers, and heard one of them tell a young man, in whose countenance there was a great deal of anxiety expressed, the nine of hearts shows me that you have been extremely agitated of late, but I see by the ace of spades that you are about to take a little journey, which will set all to rights again. It is said by those who know Paris, that there are at least fifty fortune-tellers upon the Boulevards between the Vieille rue du Temple and the rue St. Honore; some have tables before them covered with hieroglyphics and magical figures, and frequently a wheel with different compartments; the person who consults, having mentioned his question, accepts a piece of paper to appearance blank, and places it in a compartment of the wheel, a whirl is then given to the wheel, and the slip of paper is drawn out with a sentence written on it, which the consultor applies as he can to his own circumstances, and the object of his curiosity: a little chymical knowledge and some acquaintance with mankind enables the fortune teller to have by him a great variety of what may serve as answers, written with a composition which requires the addition of a certain powder to render the characters that are formed by it legible; and this powder is, as you may suppose, communicated in the wheel. Robberies were formerly committed at night on the Pont Neuf and there was a time when a passenger who crossed the Pont de Change after dark was in danger of being thrown into the river; but the police first set on foot by Louis XIV, and since so materially improved, has long ago put an end to such acts of violence. It protects the meanest as well as the greatest individual, he is safe from everything but the government, but their inferior agents are sometimes capricious as well as their great master, and know how to convert

an idle and accidental expression, or a ludicrous epigram into an outrage upon the dignity of the sovereign: in those cases the public know nothing about the mode of proceeding, or degree of punishment, which is frequently extended to banishment, sometimes to a remote part of France, and at others to Cayenne, and in certain cases even to death itself. The individual disappears and is no more spoken of. In proceeding along the key as you must now suppose yourself, you have the gallery of the Louvre, and afterwards that of the Thuilleries on the right and the river on the left. On the opposite side at the corner of the rue de Beaune and the Key Voltaire stands the house once the Marquis de Villette's, and where Voltaire resided on his last visit to Paris; it was there and at the theatre that he enjoyed more of that adoration which is sometimes paid to the illustrious dead, than was ever paid to any man living. He had chosen his apartment in an upper story, and Monsieur de Villette to save him the fatigue of the ascent, had contrived a chair to be raised by a pulley, which conveyed him to it at pleasure, while the adjoining room, which served him as a parlour, was decorated and furnished in imitation of a flower-garden. I am convinced, that the return to Paris after so long an exile of this great patriarch of literature, this apostle of infidelity, and the triumph of his party contributed extremely to that fermentation of the mind which ended in the revolution; one of his favourites was Condorcet, who, with all the distinction that wit and science could give him, was yet desirous but a year or two before the revolution of being thought a marquis; and of being one of the teachers of the dauphin. He is the same Condorcet whose speeches against the privileged orders and against that very dauphin were afterwards so bitter: but his end was such as must still excite compassion. At the fall of the Girondist party he had been able to conceal himself for six months in Paris, but fearful at length of being discovered, and perhaps tired of confinement he left the city, but was not able to pass the guards, who were posted a little beyond the suburbs, and yet afraid to return: thus situated, he wandered about the adjoining fields, till absolute want of nourishment drove him to enter a public house, where he was immediately suspected, seized, and sent to prison, and as the magistrates who committed him, were mechanics, new to their office, and who had other cares, he was forgotten in the dungeon for twice four-and-twenty hours, and died of hunger. The houses immediately preceding that, once

Monsieur de Villette's, are principally the shops of booksellers, but they are much less frequented than formerly, for people never read so little, I am told, as they do at present. The whole key takes its name from Voltaire, it was formerly the Key Mulagnest. It was somewhere in this neighbourhood that I first saw a stereotype printing-office; this mode of printing is costly in the first instance, but in the case of books which are likely to command a permanent sale, it is by far the cheapest in the end; the process is simple and very easily explained—a leaf having been printed in the usual way, it is carefully examined and every fault corrected in the arrangement of the letters from which it was struck off: and these letters thus arranged are then made use of for forming a cast of the whole page—and the pages of a book may be afterwards printed so as to form any number of editions at a very small expense of manual labour. I was glad to see Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield among the stereotype editions, and I was told that there are several other English books, for one solitary vestige of republicanism in France is a fondness for the language spoken by the English and Americans. I have mentioned something in a former letter of the continued improvements and embellishments which are going on in Paris, and nowhere does the good sense which directs them appear more conspicuously than along the united galleries of the Louvre and the Thuilleries, which have been pierced in a variety of places, so as to open a communication for carriages with the rue St Honore and the environs of the Palais Royale. The Emperor indeed seems desirous of conciliating the affections, as well as of commanding the admiration of his good people of Paris; he pays them the sort of compliment which Alexander did the Athenians; his efforts are all however, I believe to no purpose. I have mixed with the people upon great occasions, when their partiality in his favour, if it had existed, must certainly have shown itself, and I saw nothing of it; they admire his good fortune, and think highly of his talents, but they have not even the affectation of attachment to his person; this is contrary to what usually characterizes the Parisians, and can only be attributed to the number of poor and obscure individuals whom he has raised to be princes and rich men over them. But we will return to this subject hereafter, and continue our walk homewards through the Thuilleries. If the accounts which I have seen of these gardens before the revolution be true, the Parisians who are so devoted to walking are under obligations to

the present government; they are kept in perfect order and not the smallest indecorum is permitted. It was here and in the midst of the convention, assembled at a respectful distance round his person, that Robespierre solemnized the festival he had proposed in honour of the Supreme Being: an immense multitude had crowded the gardens, and the hope was, that a new order of things would take place, and the cruel operation of the guillotine be suspended; but the tyrant who might upon these terms, and with a victorious army at his orders, have established himself in power for life perhaps, was impelled by his sanguinary temper to disclose further views of destruction, nor did he sufficiently conceal upon this, as he had done upon former occasions, the extent of his ambition—he acted as high priest in the ridiculous ceremony, and suffered a considerable space to intervene as he walked in the procession between himself and the rest of the convention. There are always chairs to be hired in the gardens, with the newspapers of the day, and I have often rested myself in this manner after a walk of several miles through very obscure places, which seemed as remote from the splendour of the surrounding scene at the Thuilleries, as the grossness of the middle ages was from the refinement of the present day. A French newspaper is in general less worth reading than you can possibly imagine. The criticisms it contains are influenced by the only species of party spirit which dares show itself. The accounts of public events are such as the agent of the police approves, and when the editor is left a little more to himself, as in speaking of America for instance, his information is very far from correct. His ignorance of our laws and manners, and his misconception of our public proceedings, leads him into the most ridiculous mistakes. The report of a committee, for instance, is frequently given as a law, and a motion in congress for regulating and putting an end to the slave-trade, is represented to the world as a bill for the emancipation of negroes—That the editor of a newspaper who is so circumscribed in point of time, and obliged frequently to employ very ignorant people, should be led into such mistakes and misrepresentations, does not surprise me;—but I am astonished that a man of Volney's literary celebrity should have known us so little, or should have had so little respect for himself, as to lend his name to the foolish and scandalous observations which disgrace his otherwise accurate account of the United States: we

are, according to him, a lazy, avaricious, corrupt, rude, ignorant, and tea-drinking set of barbarians.* Our meals, which are confined to one or two coarse ingredients, are rendered still more unwholesome by bad cookery. Our attachment to the laws and constitution of our country, in all those at least who are called federalists, is mere pretence, the secret object in view is to reestablish the British empire in America, or some monarchy of our own, and if we are preserved from such evils, it can only be (God help us) by the friendship of France, and the virtues of Mr. J———. From having scarcely any newspapers, the French nation passed suddenly at one period of the revolution to the opposite extreme, and had too many. Every leader of a party either conducted a paper or had one in his pay, and the tyrant of the day whatever his measures might be, was sure of seeing them applauded every morning in twenty or thirty different papers, which were sent all over the republic. It was by these means that the public credulity and good faith were abused and imposed upon; that which should have been the food of the human understanding, was converted into poison, and one of the best of God's good gifts most villainously abused. A file of the Moniteurs might afford an interesting chapter in the history of the human mind. It would exhibit the same people, and with very short intervening intervals, in very different points of view; holding out one day the expressions of a grateful nation to the Supreme Being for the safety of Robespierre, and committing him the next to the execration of future ages, as the greatest, bloodiest, and meanest of all tyrants. Of the effect of these daily productions upon the language and literature of France we will speak hereafter; they were very much restrained under the directory, and the subsequent change of government has entirely restored them to their former insipidity. They are now tameness itself in all political discussions, except where their exertions are animated by a sentiment of hatred against Russia or Sweden, and particularly against England, which is the great obstacle to every project of ambition, and consequently the great mark for the arrows of invective. This is a

* A Journalist of some reputation expresses his surprize in a review of Volney's book, that Congress had not employed French bakers to travel into the different States in order to instruct the Americans in the art of making bread.

miserable sort of warfare, and fit only for a set of hirelings: but the Emperor himself disdains nót, in imitation of his great predecessor Commodus, to put on occasionally the armour of a common gladiator, and to descend into the arena. He either dictates or contributes to whatever is most bitter and malignant in the Moniteur; and were he not known by that circumstance, he might yet be easily distinguished by his style, for singular as it may appear, though he speaks it pretty well, he has never learnt to write correctly the language of the people among whom he was brought up, and over whom he reigns.

BIOGRAPHY.

It has been observed that one of the greatest advantages in Biography is the display of the formation and progress of character. This exhibition is, perhaps, still more useful in professional, than in general subjects. The young divine, physician, counsellor, lawyer, merchant, and soldier, though he may receive entertainment, information, and instruction from the history of men, in all conditions, yet will derive lessons more beneficial to him from viewing him in such a state and circumstances as he is himself likely to be.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN BLAIR LINN.

(*Continued from page* 29.)

The succeeding two years of his life passed in diligent and successful application to the duties of his pastoral office. The increasing infirmities of his venerable colleague made these duties in no small degree heavy to a young man, who was just beginning his career, and who, as yet, had not acquired the benefits of preparation and experience. Heavy though they were, and punctual and meritorious as was his diligence in their performance, his active spirit found leisure to compose two poems, the last of which was of considerable length, during this interval.

The first was a poem on the death of Washington, written in imitation of the style of Ossian, whom Mr. Linn held in higher estimation than any other poet. This performance was a happy specimen of this style, and the author's success was the more remarkable, on account of the disparity between the theme he had

chosen, and those topics to which the Caledonian poet had consecrated his song.

His second attempt was more grave and arduous. It was a didactic essay on those powers from which poetry itself derives its spirit and existence. The subject of this poem is explained by its title, "The Powers of Genius." It is a rapid and pleasing descant upon the nature and operations of genius, and a general view of its origin and progress. It is accompanied with notes, by which doubtful passages are explained, and the reasonings of the poet amplified, confirmed, and illustrated, by new and apposite examples.

Mr. Linn has justified himself, in bestowing some of his leisure on subjects of this kind, by observing, in his preface to this work, that "literature, next to religion, is the fountain of our greatest consolation and delight. Though it be a solemn truth that the deepest erudition, disconnected with religion, cannot enlighten the regions beyond the grave, or afford consolation on the bed of death, yet, when united with religion, literature renders men more eminently useful, opens wider their intellect to the reception of divine light, banishes religious superstition, and bows the knee, with purer adoration, before the throne of God. Literature on the rugged journey of life scatters flowers, it overshadows the path of the weary, and refreshes the desert with its streams. He who is prone to sensual pursuits may seek his joy in the acquirement of silver and gold, and bury his affections with the treasure in his coffers. The nobler soul, enlightened by genius and taste, looks far above these possessions. His riches are the bounty of knowledge, his joys are those which wealth cannot purchase. He contemplates Nature in her endless forms, and finds companions, where men of different pursuits would experience the deepest solitude."

Those phantoms which genius produces, and taste embellishes, had a powerful influence over the imagination of Mr. Linn. External objects were habitually viewed by him through a poetical medium, and seldom through any other. Their attractions, in his eyes, and their merit, consisted almost wholly in their power to inspire emotion, and exalt the fancy. The deductions of pure science, whether mathematical, physical, or moral, he held in very slender estimation: their simplicity was to him naked and insipid, dreary and cold. His natural temper, and all his habits of meditation, eminently fitted him for a poet; the subject of this work had been fa-

miliar to his earliest conceptions; and he expatiated in this element as in one most congenial to his nature.

After describing genius, and fixing on invention as its most suitable criterion, he proceeds to show the alliance between genius and fancy, judgment and sympathy. He then, in a rapid manner, describes the progress of genius, and illustrates the independence of rules, which it sometimes manifests, by the example of Shakspeare, Ossian, Ariosto, and Burns.

The influence of culture on genius naturally calls to the poet's mind the image of Edwin, and the various forms of excellence which genius is qualified to uphold leads him into an enumeration of celebrated names, in various departmens of prose and verse.

Some of the moral stimulants and effects of genius are next displayed; narrative is called in to the aid of precept, and the poem closes with a concise view of the progress of genius in different countries; Egypt, Greece, Italy, Britain, and America. To his native country the poet is patriotically partial, and not only predicts her future eminence in literature, but deems the progress she has already made by no means contemptible.

The merit of this performance has received the best testimony of which merit of this kind is susceptible, in the approbation of the public. The work, in a few months after its first appearance, demanded a new edition, and it has been published in a very splendid style in Europe.

Several smaller pieces were published in the same volume with this poem, some of which have merit considerably above mediocrity, and manifest a genius in the writer which only wanted the habits of reflection and revision to entitle him to a high rank in the fraternity of poets.

Mr. Linn's temperament was sanguine, and his health at all times extremely variable. From his earliest infancy, he was liable to fits of severe indisposition, which, to one of his peculiar temper, were of far more importance than they would have proved to another. There was a powerful sympathy between his body and mind. All disorders in the former produced confusion and despondency in the latter. He was always prone to portend an unfavourable issue to his disease, and being deeply impressed with the belief that he was doomed to an early grave, every sickness was considered as the messenger appointed to fulfil his destiny.

It was not, however, till the year 1802 that his constitution received any lasting or material injury. In the summer of this year, he set out on a journey to New-York. The weather being extremely hot, and the chaise affording no effectual protection from the rays of a burning sun, he was suddenly thrown into a swoon, which was followed by an ardent fever. This accident occurred near Woodbridge, in New-Jersey, and he was carried from the road, by some passengers, to the hospitable roof of Dr. Rowe, a clergyman of that place.

From this attack he recovered sufficiently in a few days, to enable him to return home; but from that period to his death, every day's experience evinced that this accident had done his constitution an irreparable mischief. His nervous system appeared, for sometime, to have been chiefly affected, and in a way particularly distressful and deplorable, since it interfered with his duty as a preacher. In attempting to speak, his brain was frequently seized with a torpor and dizziness, which made it difficult for him to keep himself from falling. The same affection sometimes attended him while walking or sitting. Its visits were capricious and uncertain. It would sometimes afford him a respite of days or weeks. Its returns were sudden and unlooked for, and it always brought in its train a heavy dejection of mind, and equally unfitted him for the performance of his public duties, and for obtaining relief from any solitary occupation or social amusement.

No one could struggle with his infirmity more strenuously than Mr. Linn. His family can bear witness to his efforts to fulfil his public duties, notwithstanding this secret enemy. So successful were these efforts, that he often preached with his usual energy and eloquence, when nothing but the rails of his pulpit supported him, and when a deadly sickness pervaded his whole frame.

That his powers of reasoning and reflection were unimpaired by this accident, he very soon afforded an incontestible proof, in the spirit with which he carried on a short controversy, during this year, with Dr. Priestley.

Dr. Priestley, who acquired so much celebrity in Europe, had, a few years before this, taken up his abode in the United States. His zeal for knowledge was by no means diminished by the circumstances which occasioned his exile, and his attachment to the controversial mode of advancing knowledge was as ardent as

ever. His numerous publications, however, during the early years of his residence among us, were chiefly confined to politics and chymistry. His moral and theological effusions failed to waken the spirit of controversy, till the publication of a short treatise on the merits of Socrates, in the year 1802. In this performance, Dr. Priestley drew a comparison between Jesus Christ and Socrates, in which the former was degraded, agreeably to the socinian system, to the level of mere humanity, while the merits of the latter were exalted to a higher pitch than, in the opinion of Mr. Linn, strict justice allowed.

This comparison was instituted between the two persons, in relation to their moral qualities only, and Priestley's design was to maintain the superiority of Jesus, even admitting the most favourble suppositions that have been formed with regard to the character of Socrates, and the least favourable ones with regard to Christ. In both these points, however, he was deemed by some to be highly blamable, inasmuch as he admitted and argued upon suppositions erroneous and unjust in both cases.

The great fame and veteran skill of Priestley, and the consciousness of his own youth and inexperience, did not intimidate Mr. Linn from stepping forth in a cause in which religion and morality were deeply interested. Those points in the conduct of the Athenian sage, which had been hastily admitted as authentic by Dr. Priestley, underwent an impartial and rigid scrutiny from his young opponent; the dreams of traditional credulity were subjected to a critical investigation; and while the character of Socrates was degraded to its proper point in the scale, the transcendent merits of Christ, both in his human and divine capacity, were urged with unusual eloquence.

The true nature and office of Christ could not fail of coming strongly into view on this occasion, and a second reply, to a second publication of Mr. Linn, was the last and dying effort of Priestley on this sublunary stage, in favour of the socinian doctrines.

The merits of Mr. Linn in this controversy seem to be generally acknowledged, both by the friends and enemies of the cause which he espoused. The latter withheld not their admiration from the knowledge and genius displayed in these productions, and which, while they would do credit to any age, were peculiarly honourable and meritorious in so youthful an advocate.

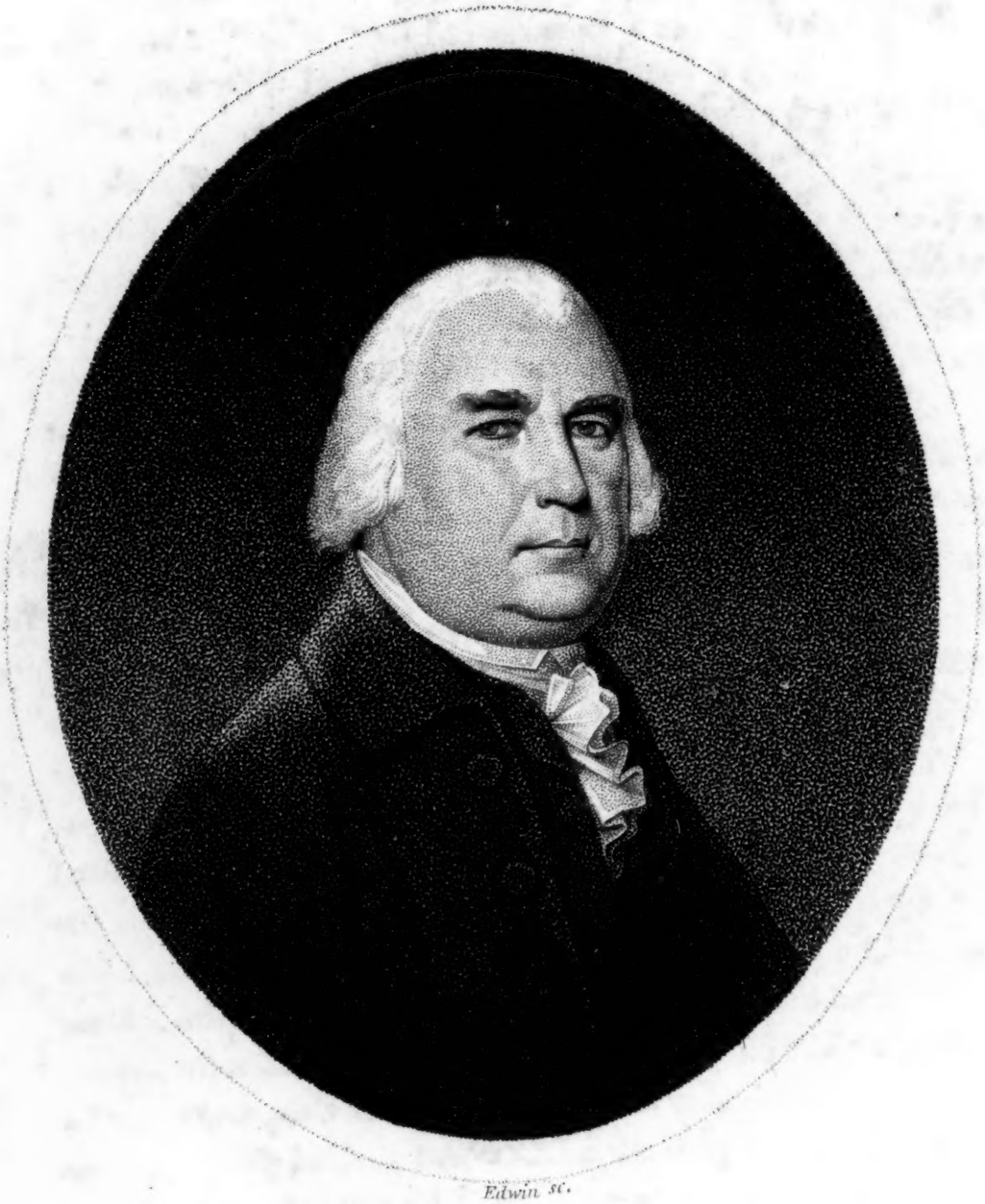
If he has treated his venerable adversary with undue asperity, as some of Dr. Priestley's adherents are disposed to believe, his youth, and the importance of the tenets he supported, will abundantly plead his excuse with impartial minds. Instead of deserving blame for that degree of warmth which he displayed, he is rather entitled to eminent praise, for preserving his warmth within such rigid limits. Those who are acquainted with the spirit of religious disputes will only be surprised at the moderation which so ardent and impetuous a mind was able to maintain, in so delicate a controversy, and of which it is difficult to find another example.

There was no one, however, who regarded these asperities with less indulgence than himself. For Dr. Priestley's attainments in the physical sciences, he entertained a high veneration, and abhorred that spirit of animosity and rancour, with which literary controversies are generally managed. His own conduct in this respect, though so little culpable, gave him regrets, which the death of his opponent contributed to augment.

During this period, he likewise indulged himself in putting together the materials of a poem, to which he intended to entrust his future fame, as a poet. The scheme was somewhat of an epic nature, but he did not intend to restrict himself by any technical rules or canons. He merely aspired to produce a narrative in verse, which should possess the qualities which render verse delightful, and make a narrative interesting and instructive.

The poem which he left behind him, and which his friends have deemed it but justice to his memory to publish, is, in some respects, sufficiently entire for the press, but is, in fact, only a fragment of a plan, copious and comprehensive. It is contained in the present volume, and will come before the public tribunal with many silent apologies for its defects. The writer is disabled from revising and correcting his own labours, and sacred modesty forbids a surviving friend to prune or to retrench, without any warrant but his own frail judgment. It may be said to be, like its author, called to its account burthened with those imperfections, which a longer preparation and probation might have lessened or removed.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)



Edwin sc.

Isaac Smith Esqr Ætat 56.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ISAAC SMITH, ESQ.

THE gentleman, who is the subject of the ensuing very brief, imperfect, and slight sketch, was liberally educated at the seminary of Princeton, in the State of New-Jersey. He graduated in the year 1755. In the interval which elapsed between the taking of his Bachelor's and his Master's degree, he exercised the honourable office of Tutor in that celebrated College. Emancipated, at length, from the shackles of Academical Discipline, he commenced the practice of Physic; and many a grateful patient still remembers the tenderness, the attention, the assiduity, and all the *lenient* arts of the benevolent SMITH. The fair character of this gentleman merits the particular notice of the American Biographer. From the commencement of our troubles with Great Britain, he was eminently distinguished for his patriotic services in the cause of his country. In an arduous, and ever memorable struggle, like another Lucullus, associating valour with discretion, he displayed the spirit of a Soldier, and the sagacity of a Statesman. In the year 1776, he commanded a regiment; and, during that dark period of danger and dismay, his conduct was distinguished by fortitude, and perseverance. Soon after this eventful epoch, he was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of New-Jersey; and, for the space of eighteen years, discharged, with the greatest dignity and fidelity, the important duties of that arduous and responsible office. About this time, he was elected by the suffrages of the State, to the honourable station of a Member in the Lower House of Congress, where his high character for political wisdom, and decided integrity, were accurately known and justly valued by all his political friends; and in particular, by that illustrious pair of Patriots, WASHINGTON and ADAMS, with whom he was in habits of the closest intimacy. Endowed with fine talents, blessed with bright and just perceptions, and enjoying the glorious privileges of Classical Education, he united in delightful and honourable assemblage, the characters of a Christian, a Scholar, a Soldier, and a Gentleman.

We are indebted to the courtesy of a liberal friend for the ensuing inscription upon the tomb of Judge Smith. Of this tribute to departed

worth we are ignorant of the author; but we should be cold to another, and unjust to ourselves, if we did not describe this Epitaph as a successful specimen of the *Lapidary style.*

In Memory
of
ISAAC SMITH, Esqr.
Who departed this life August 29, 1807,
In the 68th year of his age.
With Integrity, and Honest Intentions,
As a Physician and Judge,
To the best of his Ability,
He distributed Health and Justice,
To his Fellow Men,
And died
In Hopes of Mercy,
Through A REDEEMER.

THE DRAMA——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love:
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek; or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh;
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind
Or charm the heart in generous Bevil show'd.—THOMSON.

UNDER this title we shall not at present examine the merits or demerits of ancient tragedy or comedy. To many of the readers of a miscellany like this, it is of little consequence whether Euripides wrote more sweetly than Æschylus; or whether the wit of Plautus or the merriment of Terence more highly gratify the laughter-loving disciple of the classic school. We shall according to the rule of rhetoric place an interesting subject, as a strong argument, in the beginning, to invite favourable attention to future lucubrations; and chivalric in our writings as our temper we shall not deviate from the practice of knight-errantry, but send forth a favourite champion to conciliate the affections and win the smiles of the crowded theatre. With a lance then of unbending strength, a shield, dazzling, yet full of beauties, emblazoned with every variety of colours, yet all glowing and inimitable, and a countenance beaming with courteous smiles, Shakspeare com-

mences the tournament. And as a single view can embrace but a small portion of his varying merits we now present him only in the garb of the Thane of Cawdor.

Macbeth, if not the best of Shakspeare's plays, is excelled by few of the productions of him who is justly described as the "truest painter that ever dipped his pencil in the cup of human life." The strength, the richness, the harmony and the splendor of its language, the finely depicted passions in its different scenes, the exhibition of a new world on the stage, which no mortal had presumed to touch upon before, are all acknowledged proofs of the hand of a master But while all agree in admiring these features of the tragedy, sentiment is by no means united with regard to the hero of the piece. In pursuance of the *brille* of some critic Pope the favourite opinion seems to be, that Macbeth when first introduced is a virtuous character; brave, manly and honourable; but that seduced by the *prophetic greetings* of the weird sisters which open to his contemplation, *imaginings* before unknown, and afterwards led on by the instigations of his wicked wife, he becomes the bloody tyrant which the latter acts exhibit him. With deference and respect for the father commentator, we shall undertake to show that the Thane of Glamis, as well as King and Cawdor is deficient at the period when our acquaintance with him commences both in the principles of virtue and of true heroism: that uninvited by temptation he had passed the former part of his life, free from any atrocious crime, but that he had only wanted opportunity and inducement to commit any villainy: and that, although able at times to exhibit a show of courage, it was but the faint shadow of real heroism, and that he was by constitution and character, little short of a coward.

At the commencement of the play two characters are presented to our view formed in different moulds. One of them is evidently pure and virtuous, without fear and without reproach. By a comparison with him then, we may be enabled to form an estimate of the merits of the other. Banquo is a gallant soldier and a virtuous man; his conduct is that of purity itself; in proportion then as the demeanor of his "noble partner" differs from his own, it varies from the line of virtue. The different effects produced on their minds by the prophecies cannot be mistaken. Macbeth at once "starts and looks pale." Banquo neither begs nor fears their favours nor their hate." In the former the workings of a vicious mind display

themselves at once in his agitated manner. When the witches vanish he dwells with heavy thought upon their *great predictions*, and utters a fervent wish that *they had staid*. Banquo though promised honours not much less than his, considers them as bubbles of the earth and thinks no more of them.

On the arrival of the royal messengers the two characters are perhaps fully displayed. Banquo, ever on his guard against the seductions of vice, cautions his partner against their influence, who yields entirely to all his *supernatural solicitings*, which he knows *cannot be good*. He acknowledges a *suggestion of horrid image*, a *thought of murder*; and then conceals his feelings and hypocritically dissembles the load that presses on his heart. Afterwards at the palace his guilt shows itself in the following lines:

"——Stars, hide your fires.
" Let not light see my *black* and *deep* desires:
" The eye wink at the hand! yet let *that be*,
" Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Thus far, it must be remembered, he proceeds without having seen his wife; the *thought*, the *suggestion*, and the *horrible imaginings* are all exclusively his own. His mind does not exhibit merely a spark of guilt, latent, and feeble, which may be excited by instigation or ambition, by the wily arts of wicked woman, or the tempting seductions of envy or avarice: it is already a flame enkindled and nourished by the violence of his own passions, and threatening to consume him. I should blush for human nature if I could suppose that even the majority of men were base enough to feel as he felt, and to be led away by so precarious and uncertain a hope as could be excited by the promise of *earthly bubbles*, or at best of airy phantasies, whatever might be his confidence in their power or efficiency. If it be said his expressions were but the momentary effusions of a harassed mind, and that they would have led to no wicked deed, I answer " the golden mind stoops not to shows of dross."

The character given of her Thane by Lady Macbeth, has been considered a true description of his merits and disposition. If a comparison with her be the just criterion of his purity, he was pure indeed; for a demon is an angel of light compared with such a woman. To her he seemed virtuous because she had gone far beyond him in guilt; she was therefore incapable of judging of vir-

tue, a quality that had no existence in her mind. But even she describes him as rather *fearing to do, than wishing to have undone*, as wicked enough to do a deed of shame, but shrinking from the perpetration. When his wife first converses with him on the subject of the murder, he does not revolt from the idea as if new to him, but entertains the project as if long familiar: he agrees at once to " look like the innocent flower, and be the serpent under it," and only wishes to *confer further on the business*. When alone, he has full opportunity to reflect on the enormity of the contemplated crime, and to repent of his wicked determination; and he does for a moment relinquish the idea. Not because conscience tells him it is wrong; her voice is never heard: not because he anticipates punishment hereafter; he disregards futurity: but because the assassination, which he considers nothing, will not trammel up the consequence. What consequence? the judgment *here*, " but here, upon this bank and shoal of time:" and though he advances as auxiliary arguments, the rights of hospitality, and the meek virtues of *this Duncan*, yet they are merely brought in with a *besides*, after his mind has been operated on by its childish fears. On his informing Lady Macbeth that he will proceed no farther, she declares it to be his own project, which he first broke to her: and when assured that they cannot fail, he becomes immediately settled to the bloody deed.

Could a mind of innocence or virtue be actuated by feelings and so readily prompted to deeds like these? a moment of unbridled passion whether of love or hatred, may sometimes be the season of the greatest crime; but when passion ceases, remorse ensues. Not so with Macbeth. His fears of discovery are the only torments he endures. If ambition be his excuse it was an ambition founded in corruption, not in virtue, and the superstition of his nature which induced him to believe the prediction of royalty might have rendered him satisfied to wait patiently until fate should crown him. This very superstition then forms an argument against his former virtue rather than in its favour. It is occasions that try men, and if no inducement had been offered to commit a crime, Macbeth would gain no credit by remaining to all appearance virtuous; it is in the resistance of temptation that merit appears triumphant.

The ensuing murders, and the various acts of unnecessary cruelty that his reign exhibited, may be considered the natural results of his regicide. I shall not therefore dwell upon them as evidences of the depravity of his mind, but proceed to the other part of his character—his want of courage.

Macbeth has often been compared with Richard: and as the portraits were both executed by the same master it is but reasonable to collect an opinion of one, by a comparison with the other. But *quantum distat ab illo.* Richard is respectable in the midst of crimes; Macbeth is contemptible even on the throne. The one acts the tyrant, but he does it boldly; the other trembles under the weight of his dearly purchased crown. Surrounded by the trappings of royalty, he is in perpetual fear. A brave man it is said is never cruel, but when cruelty is necessary to promote his ambitious views: such appears to have been the idea of Shakspeare, for every step of Richard's was calculated to reach the *golden crown*, or to perserve it securely *on his brow;* but the massacres of women and children, are but the disgraceful evidences of an irresolute as well as a wicked heart. Macbeth is never for a moment at rest until assured that "none of woman born shall harm him." Then, and not until then, *pale-hearted fear* is lulled to rest and slumbers only while his delusion lasts: As long he is invulnerable he has nothing to fear and of consequence fears nothing: but the moment he resumes an equality with other men, "then comes his fit again." He is ready to fly, his *better part of man is cow'd*, and fame and honour are sacrificed at the shrine of fear.

It was a rule of the ancient drama that actions and events exhibited on the stage should rather be impossible, if they approach to probability, than that they should be possible, if without the limits of probability. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the author has preserved this rule. Reason shows the scenes to be impossible, yet as to a vulgar mind they do not appear unnatural or altogether improbable, there is nothing abhorrent in their representation. The ghosts and witches are a pleasing machinery; they are the exuberant productions of a fertile mind. We forget their nature and admit them as familiar companions in the play.

I.

MISCELLANY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man.—Dr. YOUNG.

Mr. Oldschool,

Unfortunately for me, I am not blessed with any extraordinary placidity of temper. Trifles provoke me. But when vexations of more importance excite the tempest of my passion, I must give it vent; as I now do by uttering my complaints to you. I was sitting a few evenings ago, in a room-full of company, at the side of a charming girl, enjoying the delightful hilarity of soul, produced by my situation, and interchanging opinions with her on various interesting topics; when our attention was suddenly arrested by a pair of scrutinizing eyes most intently fixed on us, and apparently endeavouring to read the inmost thoughts of our souls. My fair companion immediately deserted her seat, and I was left like a disappointed Tantalus, enraged to see the delicious fruits snatched from my very lips. I muttered a half-formed oath, flew to my desk to prevent my blood-vessels from breaking, and now most generously bestow the ebullitions of my rage on you.

Now in truth, good Sir, nothing more completely deprives me of all patience, than the officiousness of certain busy, intermeddling people, who eternally pester society with their conjectural remarks, and significant shrugs to the dreadful annoyance of all honest beings, who, like myself, follow the dictates of their inclination, instead of consulting the sometimes absurd etiquettes of the world. You will be surprised, Mr. Oldschool, when I tell you, that there are very many of these prying animals, even in the most polished circles of this courtly metropolis. But it is a melancholy fact: in our most splendid ball-rooms, where youth and beauty trip it "on the light fantastic toe of fancy," or at a pleasant *converzatione*,* where sympathetic souls indulge in the social converse, these dampers of pleasure abound, and poison all our enjoyments. They resemble the little buzzing Summer-fly that intrudes upon our moments of repose, and by its incessant humming, destroys the possibility of rest. And let me tell these gentry, I should not condescend to take notice of them, were it not for the restraint they impose on society, and that Vice, when reflected in a faithful mirror, is sometimes frightened at its own deformity. It seems to be the business of their lives to pry into the secrets of others; and when

* Vulgarly called, a scald—or still more emphatically, a tea-fight.

their ingenuity has discovered, or invented anything unknown to the rest of the world, they open cry, and like yelping curs, proclaim it to every fool that will lend an attentive ear.

This disposition is not confined to either sex: but is as prevalent among the men, as among the fair beings of the softer mould. It is the mode of amusement resorted to by old bachelors, soured by disappointment: by young fops without brain enough to converse on rational subjects, their ideas never extending beyond the cut of a new coat, or the polish of the shining liquid blacking: and by indolent loungers, too lazy, or too ignorant to contribute to the entertainment of others. We find it very prevalent among coquettes of ancient date, who by dint of coquetry, have coquetted themselves out of all chance of a husband: among belles of declining fame, exercised towards the rising generation: and among pert misses, toward those women whose accomplishments of mind and manners have obtained them that distinguished rank of which their more youthful competitors would fain deprive them. These are the most prominent characters of the sect, but there are others of all ages, sizes, sorts, and descriptions, who occasionally indulge in this idle habit. Old people, more particularly, direct their remarks to the youthful and gay; and prove extremely troublesome to the lad of spirit, who sometimes sips the "flowing bowl" at "midnight's 'witching hour," or occasionally throws by the musty pages of Coke, for the more fair and legible characters stamped by the hand of divinity on the face of woman. They always remind me of my grandmother—good old soul—who, when I would come down to the breakfast table, at half past nine or ten, would boast that she had been up ever since six o'clock. Now, heaven knows, the old lady could not have slept one moment longer, had the state of the weather, or the fate of the nation depended upon it. But the memory after long service becomes weaker, and the maturity of age destroys the recollection of youthful feelings.

But a still more serious consequence results from the conduct I reprobate—the diminution of marriages. The ladies of Philadelphia are conspicuously gifted with beauty, both of person and mind; they are a very superior race of beings; uniting the vivacity of the French, with the excellent habits of the English. Their manners polished; their minds richly cultivated; in beauty unrivalled; possessing those indescribable graces which are only known by their effects; taking the judgment prisoner, and making their way direct to the heart; not devoid of those whims and caprices of their sex, which enhance their charms; increasing the brilliancy of the diamond, by adding to its points; and which have been well compared to "shrubs which we would not plant in laying out an improvement, but which it would be want of taste to root out, when fixed there by the hand of Nature."

Such are the fair sex of our city. The young men are as numerous, and generally as accomplished, as those of any other metropolis. Yet, with so many circumstances inviting to domestic life, the temple of Hymen is almost deserted. Now and then, a solitary pair kneel at his shrine, and their extraordinary piety, is as much the subject of wonder, as a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or a voyage to the Moon. Nor need we look far for the cause. The delicacy of a female shrinks from observation; and cannot bear the inquiring gaze, even of the insignificant being she may despise. The most amiable light in which we can view a lovely woman, is that of retiring modesty; how base then the conduct, which would put such modesty to the blush. Yet, we often see the bosom of youthful innocence, sensitive as the shorn lamb to the bleak and wintry wind, wounded by the remarks of unfeeling Impertinence. Should an ardent admirer attempt to whisper his soft tale of passion, the fair one must render her heart callous to the voice of humanity and love, or submit to feel her virgin cheek empurpled with the burning blush of indignation, excited by the most cruel observations.

Then come the congratulations of her dear good friends, the allusions and attempts at wit of her companions, and all the routine of smiling, shrugging, nodding, winking, and divers other modes of displaying superior wisdom; till the poor girl is fairly obliged to hate the man who adores her, and whom she could have tenderly loved, had she been permitted to follow the dictates of her own heart. Thus are nipped in the bud, a thousand incipient loves, that would crown each circling year with joy, give enchantment irresistible to the blooming cheek of beauty, and confer the blessings of domestic harmony on many, who are now condemned to the maddening glooms of celibacy.

ORIN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEIPSIC FAIR.

THE late Fair has proved that the war has not relaxed the activity of the German writers. It has only diverted their attention, in part, from objects of science to political and military events. There is no end to the books and pamphlets on Prussia; of which the catalogue of the Fair contains upwards of a hundred. Among them, the most distinguished are, the "Observations on the Campaign," by Colonel Massenbach, and an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "The Prussians at Dantzic." There is a swarm too of political projects, and even

"Prophecies for the year 1808," the publisher of which has not miscalculated, at least in his project of making money by them. A celebrated novel-writer, Mr. Richster, known by the name of John Paul, has endeavoured to put an end to these discussions by his "Sermon of Pacification." The politics of the day, have given currency to some Historical and Geographical works. England has been singularly praised in the "Relation" of Mr. Gæde, of which the second edition has appeared. Anderson's voyage to Zealand, translated from the English, is not of much importance. Two translations have appeared of the Voyage to Australasia, and of that of Olivier in Persia. The superb work of Soloyns, on the Hindoos, is already in part translated. There is also an Asiatic Collection of the Letters on Indostan, by Mr. Best, and a crowd of Philosophical Considerations, or Historical Compilations on the Religion, Manners, and Commerce of India. But we should distinguish, as a prodigy of erudition, the Geography of Indostan, by Wahl, of which the second volume has been published: it is to be regretted, however, that the manner of its execution, renders it scarcely legible; for attached to the text, there are frequently notes of ten, twenty, or even fifty pages, full of Arabian, Persian, or Sanscrit words. The introduction of the French code into several states of the German confederation, has given rise to more than thirty attempts at translations and commentaries. But it is expected that they will be all eclipsed by the system of French law, publishing by Mr. Erhard, a celebrated Jurist and Aulic Assessor. Dr. Kern has written a sort of General Philosophy of the new French law, under the title of the "Spirit of Napoleonism."

In the midst of political changes, the peaceful altars of the Greek, Latin, and German Muses, are not deserted. There have appeared editions of Euripedes, Plautus, Persius, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Vitruvius, and some other classics. A translation of Sophocles, and two which are begun of Æschylus, have not given great satisfaction; but that of the Greek Pastoral Poetry, by Voss, and of Cicero's Letters, by Wieland, gain universal approbation. There are a great number of Novels, and Collections of Poetry. The "New Proteus," by Mr. Linde, is much spoken of, and is said to be a ludicrous comedy between a drama and a farce. Mr. Ælenslæger, a Dane, has published a Poem, called "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," which is divided into two connected Dramas; and is the work of the greatest reputation this year. Nor has the Muse of Kotzebue been idle, that indefatigable writer enriches his Journal, "The Sincere," with several little novels and moral tales.

With regard to the natural sciences we will now speak only of Cookery. Six or seven new Elementary works on that science, have appeared at the same time at Hamburgh, Hanover, and even in small

provincial towns, where a man fond of good living would run a risk of starving. The honour of a translation has been given to Mr. Viard, an officer of the Kitchen, and author of the "Imperial Cook," which the Germans prefer to Mr. Grimod himself. To conclude, the 28th edition of the "Vienna Cook" has been published, and suffices to show the taste of the Booksellers for cookery.

Among the odd titles of this year, is remarked, that of a Satirist, who calls his collection, "Stones thrown from the Moon," and that of a sort of politico-sentimental traveller, who accompanied the Prussian army in its retreat, and who gives to his account the title of "Pieces of of Amber picked up on the Borders of the Baltic, during my stay at Memel."

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER.

Leipsic, August 14th, 1808.

THE interval between the two Fairs of Easter and Michaelmas, is always the barren season for bookselling in Germany. There then appear very few important works, for the authors and printers are preparing in silence the volumes which they are to bring to the next literary diet. During this interregnum, the newspapers govern with an unlimited authority, but yet an authority divided among so many rivals, that it resembles not a little the most complete anarchy, or if you please, the old constitution of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation."

We have, in the first place, three "Universal Gazettes of Science and Literature," published at Halle, Jena, and this place. Their object is to announce and analyze all works printed in Germany, but so vast a plan is necessarily incomplete in some parts. The difference of opinions between these three Gazettes, is as remarkable, as the similarity in their appearance, but notwithstanding their division of sentiment, their style is pacific and serious, as is also that of the "Literary and Scientific Herald," published by the Academy of Gottinguen.

This is not, however, the case with the Journals merely literary. They have brought to perfection the art of bitter criticism. It is true they do not abound in delicate and acute pleasantry; but it is perhaps still more mortifying for an author to hear his judge prove by a subtle argument, that he has failed in his object, that he has drawn characters badly, that he has mistaken the rules of his art so much as to render it doubtful, whether he has any genius, any talent, or merely good sense. His Excellency the Privy Councellor Goethe, has lately been made the object of an ironical piece, in which he is exclusively praised, to the tune of one of the church hymns, by one of those innumerable poetasters, who imitate awkwardly his manner, and who

" Prophecies for the year 1808," the publisher of which has not miscalculated, at least in his project of making money by them. A celebrated novel-writer, Mr. Richster, known by the name of John Paul, has endeavoured to put an end to these discussions by his " Sermon of Pacification." The politics of the day, have given currency to some Historical and Geographical works. England has been singularly praised in the " Relation" of Mr. Gæde, of which the second edition has appeared. Anderson's voyage to Zealand, translated from the English, is not of much importance. Two translations have appeared of the Voyage to Australasia, and of that of Olivier in Persia. The superb work of Soloyns, on the Hindoos, is already in part translated. There is also an Asiatic Collection of the Letters on Indostan, by Mr. Best, and a crowd of Philosophical Considerations, or Historical Compilations on the Religion, Manners, and Commerce of India. But we should distinguish, as a prodigy of erudition, the Geography of Indostan, by Wahl, of which the second volume has been published: it is to be regretted, however, that the manner of its execution, renders it scarcely legible; for attached to the text, there are frequently notes of ten, twenty, or even fifty pages, full of Arabian, Persian, or Sanscrit words. The introduction of the French code into several states of the German confederation, has given rise to more than thirty attempts at translations and commentaries. But it is expected that they will be all eclipsed by the system of French law, publishing by Mr. Erhard, a celebrated Jurist and Aulic Assessor. Dr. Kern has written a sort of General Philosophy of the new French law, under the title of the " Spirit of Napoleonism."

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introduce religion and the ceremonies of the church into their dramas and novels. Old Wieland has been severely criticised for his verbose and weak translation of Cicero's Letters. It is not the case here as in France. The Journals being published in cities often very distant from each other; it is difficult for even the most intriguing author to procure a unanimity of suffrages. Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, and lately Vienna are the four cities from which literary decisions come, often the most opposite to each other. In the empire of the sciences, Gottinguen, Jena, Halle, and Leipsic have each their different opinions directing each its Journal.

Among the Collections and Journals most circulated at present, are the "Sincere," or more properly translated "The Free Speaker," published at Berlin by Mr. Kuhn. The "Gazette of the Polite World," printed here; the "Morning Paper" of Stutgard; the "Journal of Luxury and Fashion," which appears at Weimar, as does also "The Mercury of Germany." Among these Journals "The Morning Paper" is remarkable for its merciless criticism. It lately reprimanded severely the greater part of the Professors of the University of Heidelberg. The University in a body published its justification in another Journal. None of the Journals I have mentioned, are confined to analysis or criticism; but combine little Novels and Tales, Literary and Historical Disquisitions, Anecdotes and Poetry. Some of them have a number of engravings, and are almost all printed better than any French Journal.

There are besides a multitude of Periodical Collections: one for Natural History by Mr. Voigt; another for the Physical Sciences in general, by Mr. Gilbert; two or three for Mineralogy; two Geographical Journals, and two Periodical Collections of Travels, and a very interesting "Journal of Manufactures and Commerce." They have been able to support for sometime a Periodical work devoted exclusively to Greek and Latin Literature, and translations from the ancients. We are overrun with a sort of work, which the Germans call *Miscellen*, that is Periodical Miscellanies, some of them are for France, others for England, Russia, the North, Italy, and Spain, in short, they pretend to inform us of all that is passing in the Literary or Scientific way, throughout Europe.

I do not mention our political Journals; for though some hundreds in number, they are with three or four exceptions, as insignificant as our Literary ones are interesting.

Journal de l'Empire.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE

LORD LYTTLETON,

[In the American Daily Advertiser of the tenth of August last, was inserted an extract, from the Charleston Courier respecting the Vision and Death of Lord Lyttleton. Having since seen, says the Editor, several manuscript accounts of the same events differing materially from the publication, but which appeared to be very incorrectly copied, we have sought for and obtained, the original writing from which they had been transcribed, and present a faithful copy of it to our readers. The original (at present in our possession) is in the hand writing of Mrs. M—— K——, a lady distinguished in the literary world for her piety and her learning, and for her dispute with the celebrated Dr. Johnson, on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Admiral Woolsey was with Lyttleton when these extraordinary events occurred, verbally narrated them to Mrs. K——, who wrote them down, in his presence, for Mr. W—— S—— of the city of New-York, who was in England in the year 1798.]

SOMETIME about sixteen or eighteen years since (dates not just recollected) Lord Lyttleton, on the fifth day of the week, came down to breakfast with his family, consisting of the widow Flood and three young women his cousins, all of them of doubtful character. He said he had, that night, a very frightful dream or vision; that a lady had appeared to him; that she opened the curtains of his bed, and bid him prepare himself for death. He started up in terror, incoherently saying, What, shall I not live three days? to which she replied, "No, you will not live above three days," and vanished. This awful account frightened the women, who fell a crying; he, though secretly agitated, pretended to disregard the matter, laughing at their credulous folly, and professing to have no sort of belief or apprehension about it. Soon after Admiral Woolsey and a gentleman his cousin, of the name of Fortescue came in, and he related, jocosely, what he told as above;—they listened, but pondered it in their minds—so did his attendant valet.

However, the subject changed: he proposed going with his ladies on seventh day (that is the last day of the visionary prediction) to his country seat at Pitt's place, near Epsom, and offered the two gentlemen his chariot to follow them to dinner there on that day; they agreed to the proposal; went there accordingly, and joined in great, real, or at least affected jollity at the festive board; Lyttleton being more than usually loquacious and desultory in his conversation; reciting the probable remarks that would of course be made whenever the news of his death should be announced. Among his gayeties, per-

ceiving the women to be languid and gloomy, he took one of them and danced a minuet with her; then taking out his watch, and going up to the window, "Look you here, it is now nine o'clock, according to the vision I have but three hours to live; but don't you mind this Madam Flood; never fear; we'll jockey the ghost, I warrant you."

Still continuing in this seeming gayety till eleven, he called for candles to go to bed; an hour unusually early with him, as he used to sit up as long as he could keep his companions about him; but his pretence to retire was, because he had planned for the party to ride to breakfast early, at Epsom, and spend the day riding to survey the adjacent country. Soon after his retreat, the women took their candles, and went off; the two gentlemen were determined to sit in the parlour till the three predicted days were fully over, and got some negus to comfort themselves. In about half an hour after eleven, they received the sudden shock of a loud scream, from the stair-case, uttering these words—"He's dead! Oh, my lord is dead!" Instantly running up stairs, they found him in bed, fallen back and struggling; the Admiral put his hand to him, which the dying man grasped with such vehemence that it was painful to endure; but he spake no more. His eyes were turned up and fixed. They pierced the jugular vein, but no blood issued, and he was totally dead about one quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Admiral, in this account, gave me the following remarkable particulars: That at the distance of thirty miles from Pitt's place, where this melancholy scene happened, there lived a gentleman, one of the libertine companions of Lord Lyttleton; and they had so settled, that whichever of them died first, the survivor should receive one thousand pounds. On this very night (being in bed and asleep previously) he rang his bell about one o'clock with great violence. His valet-de-chambre ran to him with all speed, and the following dialogue ensued, as nearly as can be recollected:

Servant. Dear Sir, what is the matter?

Master. [Sitting up in the bed, with a countenance full of horror] Oh John! Lord Lyttleton is dead!

Servant. How can that be? we have heard nothing but that he is alive and well.

Master. No, no; I awoke just now, on hearing the curtains undrawn, and at the foot of the bed stood Lord Lyttleton, as plain as ever I saw him in my life. He looked ghastly, and said, "All is over with me! You have won the thousand pounds," and instantly vanished! Get a horse and go this moment to Pitt's Place, you may perhaps get intelligence of him there.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE OF MARYLAND:

Extract from a letter from a literary friend in Baltimore.

"You, who regard the progress of science with so much interest, will no doubt join with me in rejoicing that this city, has at length roused from her supineness, and resolved no longer to confine her regards to commerce.

"At the last session of our Legislature, the zealous ambition of a few individuals obtained an act, incorporating an institution, under the name of the College of Medicine: and the several Professorships of Anatomy, Surgery, and Physiology, the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Chymistry, Materia Medica, and the Institutes of Medicine, were immediately filled. Dr. Davidge has delivered a complete course on Anatomy, and his associate, Dr. Cocke, some lectures on Physiology. Dr. Shaw delivered a part of a course on Chymistry, but he was interrupted by a severe illness last winter, and has not since been able to resume his lectures. Dr. Potter, formerly a pupil of Dr. Rush's, delivered his introductory lecture on the 6th inst. and as I had some curiosity to learn how these disciples of Apollo worship their tutelary power, I shut up old Coke, and repaired to the lecture-room, where the Doctor, who is the Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, soon commenced his task.

"After some preliminary observations on the pursuits of mankind, and the necessity of a strict attention to health as the first of blessings, the Doctor proceeded to give a rapid sketch of the history of medical science in this country. He ably vindicated the honour of his country against the slavish opinion that all our medical knowledge was derived from the schools of Europe, an opinion, which, he said, was not less unphilosophical than derogatory to the character of American genius and industry. He said that the true causes of pestilence were first explored and discovered here: the first account of the connexion between meteorological phenomena and pestilential diseases, to be found in our own country, was given by three different historians: George's History of New-England, Hutchinson's of Massachusetts, and Purchas's Settlement of the Colonies. He took a brief review of our writers on Medicine, and described some of the most prominent improvements in that science, and the several Colleges with their Professors were also described.

"I was surprised to learn that until the year 1769 this State had not produced a single graduate. Dr. Parnham who defended a Thesis in Edinburgh in that year, was the first; Dr. Archer and Dr. War-

field, also of this State, were the first gentlemen who received degrees from the College in Philadelphia.

"In describing the progress which has been made by the College to which he belongs, the Doctor paid a fair and liberal tribute to the genius of our mutual friend, Dr. SHAW,* who had "proceeded to the middle of a most brilliant and interesting course of Chymistry, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the attack of a severe pulmonary fever, which still deprives us of talents that unite the rare accompaniments of utility and splendour."

CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
"O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste,
"To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
"And chase the varying falsehood as it flies.
"The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
"And drag reluctant Dulness back to day."

Travels in America, performed in 1806, *for the purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the produce and condition of their banks and vicinity, in a Series of Letters. By Thomas Ashe, Esquire, London, printed—Newburyport, reprinted for William Sawyer & Co.* 1808.

EVER since the memorable period, when our "beloved country broke the thraldom of a cruel step mother," and assumed a station among the nations of the Earth, as "Free, Sovereign, and Independent States," she has been an object of eager curiosity, and unceasing attention to the people of Europe. Each subsequent year has thrown upon our shores, at least one foreigner, who after transiently surveying the mere superficies of some section of the country, and seizing with hurried observation, a few of its more prominent features, has, with this slight intelligence returned home, and gulled an inquisitive public with an account of his Travels.

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* A man of genius, and an elegant poet, to whom we have been indebted for many beautiful verses, with the signature of ITHACUS, which have been very favourably received, both at home and abroad. ED.

These publications, from whatever part of Europe they may have issued, as is more especially evinced by the flippant impertinence of Weld, the malicious falsehoods of Volney, and the equally gross misrepresentations of Bulow, have uniformly calumniated, reviled, and disparaged the country.

The work now before us is of this description, and even transcends all which have preceded it in the virulence of its abuse, and in its disregard of truth and decency.

It seems that previous to our Traveller's undertaking the "e xploratory journey," which is the subject of his narrative, he had visited the whole of the Atlantic States. But deeming this portion of the Union altogether unworthy of his correspondent's regard, he dismisses it at once from his view, with the following very brief and compendious summary, which reall vcomprises all he has condescended to bestow upon i

"The States to the North East are indebted to nature, for but few gifts. They are better adapted for the business of grazing, than of corn. The climate is equally subject to the two extremes of burning heat, and excessive cold; and *bigotry*, *pride*, and a *malignant hatred to the mother-country*, *characterize the inhabitants*. The middle States are less contemptible. They produce grain for exportation; but which requires much labour, and is liable to blast on the sea-shore. The national features here are not strong, and those of different emigrants have not yet composed a face of *local deformity*. We still see the liberal Englishman, the ostentatious Scotch, the warm-hearted Irish, the penurious Dutch, the proud German, the solemn Spaniard, the gaudy Italian, and the profligate French. What kind of character is hereafter to arise from an amalgamation of such discordant materials, I am at a loss to conjecture.

"For the Southern States, nature has done much, but man little. Society is here in a shameful degeneracy; an additional proof of the pernicious tendency of those detestable principles of political licentiousness, which are not only adverse to the enjoyment of practical liberty, and to the existence of regular authority, but destructive also of comfort and security, in every class of society: doctrines here found by experience to make men *turbulent citizens*, *abandoned Christians*, *inconstant husbands*, *unnatural fathers*, and *treacherous friends*. I shun the humiliating delineation, and turn my thoughts to happier regions which afford contemplation without disgust, and where mankind scattered in small associations, are not *totally depraved*, or *finally corrupt*.

"Under such impressions, I shall write to you with pleasure and regularity, trusting to your belief that my propensity to the cultivation of literature has not been encouraged in a country, where *sordid speculators* alone succeed, where *classic fame* is held in derision, where *grace* and *taste* are unknown, and where the *ornaments of style* are *contemned*, or forgotten."

Determined, therefore, to quit the Atlantic States, in which Mr. Ashe declares he could discover nothing except to excite his aversion, or disgust, he purchases a horse, at Philadelphia, which cost him only "Forty Dollars," and thus equipped, he proceeds to the "wilderness of the West," where he meets with adventures as numerous as those of the "Knight of the Woful Countenance," and hardly less miraculous than those of the most renowned Baron Munchausen.

LANCASTER, is the first place he notices on his route. The town is described as large, clean, and well built, but in spite of these attractions, I went off, says he, the next morning by sunrise. "Never was Dr. Johnson more solicitous to leave Scotland, than I was to be out of the *Atlantic States*." Next, he visits Carlisle, "which has a College, and the reputation of a place of learning." This may be so, he observes,

"But I have the misfortune to dispute it. For, though, indeed, I saw an old *brick building*, called the *University*, in which the scholars had not left a *whole pane* of glass, I did not meet a man of decent literature in the town. I found a few who had learning enough to be *pedantic and impudent* in the *society of the vulgar*, but none who had arrived at that degree of science, which could *delight* and *instruct* the *intelligent*."

Pursuing his journey, Mr. Ashe gets in the close of the evening to the tavern, "where he meant to repose." Finding, however, on entering the house, that the "fire and all the seats were occupied, and the *land-lord drunk*," he half resolves not to remain, but a little reflection convinces him that there was no alternative, as his "horse was tired, the *wolves* were *out*, and the roads were impassable in the dark." But, from this pitiable plight, he is soon relieved by the appearance of the *servant maid*, whose entrance, he more poetically describes "as a meteor flitting across the room."

By the magical influence of this "little arch sorceress," the situation which seemed to him the moment before so dreary and comfortless, is converted into a scene of enchantment. At the usual hour, they repair together to a chamber, "clean and warm," and he proceeds to question her on *local subjects*, &c.

Deserting in the morning the "fair Eleanor," for this is the name "of the interesting creature," not, however, without giving her a token of remembrance, we find Mr. Ashe the ensuing night on the summit of the Alleghany, "having wasted much of the day

in visionary speculations," plunged once more, into the saddest dilemma. If, says he, I attempted to advance "a sudden and rapid death, was unavoidable from the frightful precipices, which bounded the road, and all around me were wolves, panthers, and tiger cats ready to devour me." Such apprehensions occupied his mind, he confesses, "till an object of inexpressible sublimity," gave a different direction to his thoughts.

"The heavenly vault which had awfully maintained an unvaried gloom suddenly appeared to him *all on fire;* not exhibiting the stream or character of the Aurora Borealis, but an immensity vivid and clear, through which the stars detached from the firmament traversed in eccentric directions, followed by trains of light, of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon; and having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting stars, and balls, and columns of fire, which after assuming a variety of forms, vertical, spiral, and circular, vanished in light flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. *Nature stood checked* during this exhibition! All was"

"A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

But this profound tranquillity is quickly disturbed by the din of the "demons of the woods." He says,

"Clouds of owls rose out of the valleys and flitted screaming about my head. The howlings of the wolves were reverberated from mountain to mountain, or carried through the windings of the vales, and returned to the ear an unexpected wonder. Nor was the panther idle, though he is never heard till in the act of springing on his victim, when he utters a horrid cry. The intervals between these roarings were filled with the noise of millions of other little beings. Every *tree*, *shrub*, *plant*, and *vegetable*, harboured some thousands of inhabitants endowed with the faculty of expressing their passions, wants, and appetites, in different tones and varied modulations. The moon by this time had sunk into the horizon, which was the signal for multitudes of lighting flies to rise amidst the trees, and shed a new species of radiance round."

Escaping from this lair of wild beasts, and galaxy of horrors, he reaches early the next day an inn, with which he is delighted, because "it was neat, the landlady civil, and her husband sober," three very unusual circumstances, we must confess, in the interior of Pennsylvania!

After eating his breakfast, consisting of "wild pigeons and coffee made of peas," he continues his progress towards Pittsburg, where in a short time he arrives.

Of this place, he is not sparing of commendations. "The position of the town is the finest in the world, the houses well built, and the inhabitants are industrious, polite, hospitable, and intelligent." Now what has given to this village such superior advantages? Why, truly, there are *three Irishmen* residing in it, "who have hindered by their influence, the vitious propensities of the *genuine American character* from establishing here, the *horrid dominion* which they have assumed over the Atlantic States." But even with Pittsburg he is not altogether satisfied. Its "scholastic establishment," particularly receives his censure. He informs us,

"There is of a public nature but one which is called an academy, and is supported by the voluntary munificence of the citizens. It is under the direction of a number of Trustees, who employ themselves so much in altercation when they meet, that they have not yet had time to come to any mutual understanding on its concerns. There is, however, a master appointed, who instructs about twenty boys in a sort of *transatlantic Greek and Latin*, something in the nature of what the French call *patois*, but which serves the purpose of the pupils as well as if their teacher were a disciple of Demosthenes or Cicero."

By the perusal of this passage we had excited in our minds a mixed emotion of surprise and regret, that the good people of Pittsburg who have derived such inestimable benefits from the "three Irishmen," above described, have not hitherto discerned the importance of placing one or all of them in the direction of their "scholastic establishment," as from the acknowledged meekness of the Hibernian dispositions, so often, and conspicuously displayed, especially in our own country, those jars and bickerings among the trustees which have proved so baneful to the vital interests of the "Academy," would probably be harmonized or suppressed, and as by this arrangement they might also reform the "transatlantic" corruptions of classick purity, with which they are charged, by substituting the sweet enunciation of the true brogue of Erin.*

* We trust, it will be understood, that we are neither so silly, nor illiberal as to mean, by these observations, to convey a general and indiscriminate censure on the Irish nation. On the contrary, no one has a more exalted respect than the writer of this article for a people, whom he deliberately considers as among the most brave, generous, honourable, and high-minded of Europe. He never can forget *whom* she has *produced*, and what she has

Before our traveller embarks for New-Orleans, he resolves, very wisely, to endeavour to sell his horse, "which had now become useless to him." As to money, not a dollar could be got for him. Whether this difficulty arose from the scarcity of specie, or the peculiar properties of the "creature," seems to us somewhat doubtful. All the offers, we are told, were *in kind*, and the various articles proposed in exchange are very pompously enumerated. *Poor* Rosinante is, however, ultimately *swapped* away for "salt pans," but how many does not exactly appear.

Relieved from the incumbrance of the horse, he prepares without delay to descend the Ohio, and accordingly buys a boat for "Forty Dollars," a sum which he seems never to exceed, and procures a servant of the name of Cuffe, "a fellow without any other character than that he knew something of the waters, was a good shot, and well acquainted with the haunts of wild turkies, game, and *wild beasts*," but who, we shall see in the sequel, nevertheless makes a very conspicuous figure.

They land a few days after their embarkation on a small island to which they are attracted by the singular beauty of its appearance. Leaving poor Cuffe, "very patiently to catch fish," he sets off to explore this "little insular world." Here he meets with a family in the bosom of retirement, by whom he is "taken for a robber." At this very natural mistake he is amazed, and "waxes warm." The fears, however, which he engendered, are instantly removed by the assurance that he was not a *Kentucky man*. With the family, in despite of the recent affront, Mr. Ashe, after this *eclaircisement*, becomes "very sociable," and, prompted by the liberal curiosity which so eminently distinguishes him, he prys minutely into their history. We single out as by no means the least important incident which he records, "that the old man had sometime before bought a male and female pig, which had multiplied prodigiously!"

As the evening advances, our adventurous knight, by that lack of firmness to which the most heroic are sometimes subject, is

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achieved under circumstances too, the least auspicious to the development of genius, and the exertions of enterprize. The real, and indeed the obvious import of our remarks, is, to repel the harsh and unmanly reflections of a *spurious* Irishman, and in doing which, we have had occasion playfully to allude to some of those peculiarities which are confessedly incident to the national character.

filled with fears "at the prospect of sleeping in the open air." His imagination groups before him all the horrors of "wild beasts," and Cuffe, "a fellow without character," very wickedly augments his apprehensions by reciting "stories of accidents happening on the waters, of murders committed, robberies perpetrated, of whirlpools, cataracts, and rapid falls," &c. But these dismal narratives were productive, by his own confession, of one excellent effect. They *awoke* in his mind the remembrance of his obligations to heaven, &c.

Notwithstanding, however, all these anxieties and alarms, our traveller some days after reaches Wheeling in perfect safety, "one of the most considerable towns on the western waters." Of the state of society and manners here, he speaks with the utmost detestation. Founded originally by renegadoes and "acquitted felons," he represents it at present to be in morals, even more flagitious and degenerate than Botany Bay! But upon this subject, we should do injustice to Mr. Ashe were we to employ any other language than his own.

To this place, he says, "all persons outlawed or escaping from justice *fled*, and resided, without the apprehension of punishment or the dread of contempt and reproach. They formed a species of nefarious republic, where equality of crime constituted a social bond. Of these materials, the society of the town is now formed."

Mr. Ashe very kindly offers a plan to cleanse this Augean stable. He proposes to one of the inhabitants, a "quaker of high respectability," to clear the town not only of its original race, but of every "profligate" whatsoever, and to deter others of a similar description from coming into it. We should think this very salutary advice, only, that were it to be adopted, the town would be thereby depopulated, if the preceding account of the character of its inhabitants be correct, and that, peradventure, it might operate sometimes very inconveniently on those "strangers who wander in the west." We cannot help suspecting indeed, had such a harsh and restrictive regulation existed, that our traveller himself would have experienced some small difficulty in gaining admission into this "wicked place!"

Forty miles below Wheeling, Mr. Ashe is again exposed to the terrors of "a night scene." Being somewhat intimidated by

the "majestic appearance" of the river, he prudently lands, and encamps till the morning. The spot selected was under the "lengthened gloom of a large walnut tree." At first, "a silence almost terrific, and certainly awful, reigned through the woods. The hour was too early for *beasts to prowl*, and too late for *birds to sing*." This state of quietude is abruptly interrupted by Cuffe, who, to the great alarm of his master, begins to *howl like a wolf*. But upon being convinced there is no danger from "wild beasts," where there is a fire, he permits Cuffe to proceed, who resumes, we are told with "a solo, so exquisite in judgment, so correct in expression, and so natural in cadence, that the very demons of the woods awake and join him in horrid chorus."

With this specimen of *ululation*, Mr. Ashe is charmed to ecstasy. He calls upon Cuffe to exert his whole imitative faculties, previously however taking refuge in the boat, which is hauled into the stream as a place of *perfect safety*.

Despairing of being able to convey anything like an adequate idea of this extraordinary performance, we shall cite the description given of it, though we are sensible that we have dealt already too liberally in extracts.

"I must," exclaims our author "do Cuffe the justice to acknowledge that never was a man more perfect, more inimitable in his profession, this *science*, for which the world yet want a name. He passed through all the varied modulations between infancy and old age; between a fawn and an Elk; between a young calf, and a Buffalo Bull. The beasts of the forest were deceived. Much commotion ensued. The stir and agitation approached. Savage must that breast have been, into which such cries did not strike fear. From the malignant yell of the tiger cat, up to the Panther's bloody roar; the wolf's howl, and the bear's rugged voice; all were heard, and all gave alarm. He ceased. A universal cry was uttered through the woods, which struck the Virginia shore, beat against the opposite hills, and at length died in the distant windings of the water."

After this wonderful exhibition, the master's opinion of the servant is entirely changed. I begin to think him, says he, "a great acquisition, and shall afford him every possible opportunity of following his propensity, and of *improving his voice*." With his usual discernment, Mr. Ashe at once perceives that this talent may be directed to useful employments. Henceforward, therefore, Cuffe is ordered to "crow in the morning like a cock to *rouse all hands*." By *all hands*, we presume Mr. Ashe meant his *own two*

hands, for he and Cuffe, it appears, were the only persons of the party!

In this manner our Traveller "descends the river," occasionally stopping at some village, which he never leaves without pouring forth the severest invective against its inhabitants, or encamping on the "desert shore," where he is certain to encounter a host of terrors from wild beasts, and the "elementary conflicts of nature," or what, in more homely and familiar phraseology, is commonly called a *thunder gust*. During one of these tempests, he confesses that he stood *appalled*, and thought the gates of Chaos, *Hell*, and confusion, were opened wide *above* him."

This was at the moment when, the "lightning which before flashed in fine lambent flames, and intermittent flakes now took eccentric, hostile, and zigzag shapes, which perpetually traversed and opposed each other, or else formed *balls of fire*, which shot in all directions through the air, *rolled* along the ground, or *hissed* over the surface of the water: and the thunder which commenced by single peals continued with constant and dreadful clamour. The explosions never dying, and the reverberations appearing to vie with them in impetuosity and power."

At length, Mr. Ashe, penetrates into Kentucky, and visits Lexington, and the other principal towns of the State.

Lexington, he tells us, is well built, even having some pretensions to European elegance. The churches, however, which are four in number, and were never finished, "have all the glass struck out by boys in the day, and the inside torn up by *rogues* and *prostitutes*, who frequent them at night!" The prevailing amusements of the citizens are drinking, and gambling at billiards and cards. The women are represented as vastly superior to the men, but still they are only "*rude beauties*, having none of that chaste and elegant form of person and countenance, which distinguish those of England." This is ascribed to their "distance from improved society, and the savage taste, and vulgarity of the men." Leaving "all meaner things," Mr. Ashe now turns Philosopher, and the residue of his work is crowded with speculations the most refined and original. The objection, commonly alleged, against theorists, that they are prone to raise their hypotheses upon very slender foundations, and without sufficient regard to data, can hardly be applied to those we are to review. Mr. Ashe, with the happiest success collects indiscriminately from every person he meets in the course of his rambles, from the Chief Justice of the

State, to Jack the Ostler, at "a true Kentucky Inn," some striking circumstance to illustrate his reasonings, or to enforce his deductions. But we have been struck with some few exceptions, where our Philosopher, departing from his usual caution and circumspection, draws *very broad conclusions*, from what, we apprehend will be deemed *very narrow premises*. Thus, for example, he learns of "a gentleman living close by Cincinnati, and who has built an excellent brick house," that in digging a well, he found sixty feet below the surface of the earth *a stump of a tree, which had been cut down with an axe*. "The incisions of the axe were perfectly visible, and the chips made by its action lay scattered about its roots."

Now, Mr. Ashe infers from the preceding *fact* no less than,

1. "That the tree was *undoubtedly antediluvian*.
2. "That the river called the Ohio, did not exist *anterior to the deluge*, inasmuch, as the remains of the tree, were found firmly rooted in their original position, several feet below the bed of the river.
3. "That America was *peopled before the flood*, as appears from the *action* of the axe, and the *cutting down* of the tree.
4. "That the *Antediluvian* Americans were acquainted with the use and properties of iron, of the advantage and knowledge of which the flood deprived their descendants, and from which it would appear that the same flood swept off every individual, from whom that knowledge might be derived."

That the continent of America was once inhabited by a race of people, who at a very remote era, but subsequent to the deluge, had made so small advancement in the arts of civilization, is another very favourite and predominent notion with Mr. Ashe, and to substantiate it, he calls all his industry into requisition, and sometimes too, if we be not much deceived, tasks the utmost exertion of his *inventive powers*.

In support of this position, he displays a series of "ancient relics," brought to light for the most part by his own patient and laborious researches. Indeed, the praise of original and peculiar discovery belongs eminently to Mr. Ashe. We doubt whether his pretensions in this respect will ever be denied. As yet, we have heard of no one, who has even been so successful as to *see any one of the objects which he has described*, much less to dispute his claim to its discovery.

Dispersed throughout the Western States, and particularly in Kentucky, he traced, he says, with exactness, the remains of

"Fortified Camps," which bear evidence of having been constructed with the skill and science of a Vauban or a Carnot; and of their remote antiquity, he alleges, there can be no doubt, as trees of an enormous size, some exceeding sixteen feet in circumference, have since grown up within them.

Near to Lexington, he also found "the vestiges of an old Indian town, which must have been of *great extent*, and *magnificence*, as is fully evinced by the wide range of its *circumvallatory walls*, &c."

Of the ruins of this Western Palmyra, that which struck us with the most astonishment is a catacomb of *masterly workmanship*, and *stupendous dimensions*.

We wish for the sake of those of our readers, whose "gloomy habits of soul," might relish these sepulchral *Tales*, that our limits would allow us to extract the description of "this deep and ample repository of the dead."

In the "whole State of Kentucky" there is only one *catatomb* to be seen. But *mounds*, *barrows*, *mausolea*, and *tumuli*, all of the "olden time," and of the same matured style of architecture, he finds in every direction:

"Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa."

In the vicinity of Marietta, he had the further good fortune to dig out of the earth, the "visible remains of the stone abutments of a bridge," which in ancient times undoubtedly extended across the adjoining creek.

We have, moreover, *mention made* of two "curious relics," which Mr. Ashe never saw, but heard described by a "learned Doctor," in whom he reposed implicit confidence.

The *first*, is "a green spherical stone, twelve inches in every diameter, divided into twelve sides, each side into twelve equal parts, and each part distinguished by characteristic engravings."

The nature and uses of the stone, he tells us, defied the conjectures of the most profound and ingenious. Nor could he get any certain information of what "had become of this beautiful object so *interesting to science, and the history of former times.*" Report placed it in the *Cabinet* of Arts in Philadelphia. Suspecting that this might be the *Philosopher's Stone*, and therefore *never to be found*, we have been deterred from all inquiries respecting it.

The *second*, is an "Ivory Image elegantly executed, denoting a Female Figure in the act of pressing a child to her naked bosom."

Unhappily before Mr. Ashe arrived at the place where the image was found, "though he hurried with perturbation and anxiety," it had been forwarded to Mr. Jefferson. The disappointment, however, he the less regrets, as he has "no doubt that a communication on the subject will be speedily made to the *American Philosophical Society*."

After appropriating a few weeks, thus actively, to the investigation of *American Antiquities*, in which short interval, it must be confessed, that he *saw*, and *did* more, than all the people of the country from its earliest settlement to the present hour, our Traveller reembarks for New Orleans, the ultimate point of his destination. There is little in the subsequent part of his work which, in any respect, deserves to be noticed. He glides rapidly down the stream, hardly pausing long enough to tell even an *amusing story*.

We have, it is true, an account of a cavern on the banks of the Ohio, which at different periods has been used as the refuge of a *tribe of Indians*, from the persecutions of the whites, and as the abode of a Banditti, who robbed and murdered with indiscriminate violence all whom they met in their fell career, concealing their carcasses in its dark recesses. Notwithstanding the care and labour bestowed on the description of this cave, we still feel no disposition to *copy it*, as we are persuaded that most of our readers are familiar with the *fancy* paintings of the same subject of another *school* which, with a *closer adherence* to *truth* and *nature*, have far more brightness of colouring, and vigour of delineation.

We omit, nearly for the same reason, the particulars of what is said of the "clouds of musketoes which *literally darkened the air*, and of the hosts of alligators, that *roared like thunder*," neither story being quite new, nor half so miraculous as those about the same animals, in the travels of Weld and Bartram! Indeed, we discern, most manifestly, that the imagination of our traveller flags from the moment of his quitting Kentucky. It seems to have been exhausted on "American Antiquities." For his soul he cannot get up a "Tale of Wonder." The highest efforts of his creative powers, is "a whirlpool in the Mississippi, where boats are swallowed, and then vomited up again;" and a "land

Terrapin of sixty pounds weight, whose *snapping* might be heard *a hundred yards.*"

We cannot take leave of Mr. Ashe, without expressing our entire contempt both of himself and his book. He appears to us, and we speak on no slender authority, to be one of those European *malecontents*, who either to escape from the wholesome discipline of their government, or allured by the love of change, and the prospect of successful adventure, emigrate to us with the most delusive expectations, which being disappointed, return home to redeem their patriotism, and assuage their mortification by the most illiberal, rancorous, and malignant abuse of our country, and its institutions.

The work contains nothing to instruct, and little to amuse any description of readers, and that little is produced at the expense of the author's candour and veracity. C.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. II.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOSE who write without affording any pleasure except to themselves may be aptly distinguished by the name of Scribblers, but what name shall we confer on those who read with the same limited effects; without being inclined or enabled by their reading to please or benefit others?

Between those who trifle with books and those who trifle with the pen there is, indeed, an intimate connexion: some laborious or frivolous readers are generally extremely prone to commit the fruits of their studies to paper. If they cannot add anything absolutely new to the stock of knowledge, they imagine that they can, at least, bestow a more agreeable, intelligible, and convenient form on what is current. Whatever suggests itself originally, and by the force of our own reflections to our minds, strikes us with peculiar force and vividness, and we cannot help fancying that we do injustice to the world in withholding from them these luminous and happy views which have so much delighted ourselves. As to the intrinsic value of the subject, or the interest which it is likely to excite, we cannot admit that any topic is frivolous which engages our own attention, and that others may not reasonably and laudably be pleased with what pleases us. There are some indeed who are not seduced by this error, and whom a just acquaintance with mankind enables to perceive that the source of our interest in any intellectual inquiry or pursuit, has no connexion with its genuine importance or

utility; but the number of such dispassionate readers, of those who despise while they love, and undervalue while they seek, is, I am afraid, very small. Very few, indeed, are those who would not write on what they read, if their own slender resources, or the superior caution of printers, did not prevent them. They will not write, if they have no opportunity of publishing their lucubrations.

I am not sure that the state of public curiosity among ourselves which affords no encouragement to anything but political scribbling, be a good or an evil. The surest sign of a scribbler, or of a frivolous or narrow-minded student, is an alacrity in bestowing those names upon others. There are many kinds of reading and branches of study which excite no interest in me, and appear dull or trivial, but I am sure that my favourite walk, would be equally thorny, dreary, and irksome, to some others, as theirs is to me. The pleasures of study are at least more innocent; they lead us less into temptation; are less liable to immoral abuses than any other pleasures: and we shall find that whatever difference there may be in the usefulness, or native grandeur of different sciences, our attachment to our favourite one, originated in some casual, blind, involuntary association, and maintains its power merely through the influence of unconscious habit. It is not quite reasonable or just, therefore, in any man, to censure or regret that state of a nation which affords encouragement to every class of writers, however trivial or worthless they may appear in his eyes, by supplying them with readers whose tastes and inclinations coincide with theirs.

It is a curious subject of inquiry, How far the pleasures arising from different studies may differ in their nature and degree. This inquiry might seem, at first, to be not only curious but useful, since, if the superior usefulness of any pursuit has no effect in gaining votaries to its shrines, and converts to its worship, yet it may be supposed that men will hearken to recommendations built on its superior power of giving pleasure. This, however, is a fallacy. Men by nature or habit are formed to receive pleasure from different objects. The pleasure which one derives from his pursuit may be purer, higher, and more durable than another is able to glean from his field, but the fullest conviction of this, does not endow the latter with a capacity for feasting like the former. One wants the senses, the organs of the other. His neighbour's hands are longer than his, and he therefore plucks the ripest, which are always the highest grapes. The difference between them is radical and incurable, and the discovery, if it be of any consequence, is rather hurtful than beneficial, since it must produce nothing but repining.

But is there any difference, in truth, between the pleasures of different pursuits? The freaks of Archimedes, when he found out a solution for his famous problem, are well known. Kepler, when he suddenly perceived the relative agreement between the squares of the periodic

times of the planets, with the cubes of their distances, no doubt experienced inexpressible pleasure. No less exultation must Newton have felt when he found that this analogy exactly tallied with conclusions from his theory of gravity, or Herschel when he perceived that his little star was verily and truly a solar planet, or Linneus when he found the sexual system to be universal.

Were the pleasurable sensations of these men more refined and intense than those of Hartley when he first caught a glimpse of his vibratory system, or Lavoisier when his gun-barrel showed him that fire was water, or Franklin when he saw the electrical flame dancing down his kite-string, or Solomon, when he discovered that nothing remained to be discovered?

Let these pleasures be compared with those of the learned Zeindorf, in discovering, after a month's search, that the third wife of the sixth Count of Hartsberg, actually died on the 3d of March, when the whole learned world, before his time, had fixed that event on the 4th of April; of Dr. Hager when he lighted on a new and convincing proof that the Seres of the ancients were the Chineze of the moderns; or Dr. Robertson when he fancied that he found the Palibothra of Megasthenes to be the Allahabad of Major Rennel; or of that indefatigable searcher among musty archives and defaced rolls, who discovered that the great Arthur was buried at Glastonbury; or of him who ascertained that Henry the third kept his fourth Christmas after his accession, not, as several historians had erroneously recorded, at Etham, but at the palace of Westminster.

All these ingenious persons evidently found pleasure in the happy result of their inquiries, but as there are no alembics in which mere sensations can be fixed so as to be handled and weighed, we shall never know their comparative value. In spite of all abstruse or metaphysical reasoning on the subject, each one will continue to prize the pursuit which constitution or habit has endeared to him beyond all others. We cannot reasonably require him to renounce his literary passion and adopt our own. All we are entitled to, is, his respect; his acknowledgment that our pursuits are as meritorious as his own. Even thus much he will be not easily induced to allow us, and more than this it would be equally absurd and unreasonable to expect from him.

There are some who, while they allow the favourite studies of their neighbour to be as intrinsically useful as their own, are, nevertheless, sometimes greatly at a loss to account for their neighbour's attachment to his study. He who is bewitched with the study of Nature,

> Awhile in her enchanting maze
> Lost, but anon, delighted more to trace
> The footsteps of Linnean guide, and out

Of her sweet prison wind him, by the clue
Spun by Upsalian hands conducted safe,

can never sufficiently wonder what it is that can delight the laborious dealer in obsolete or barbarous lexicons; who voluntarily spends months in comparing Ethiopic, Coptic, and Armenian vocabularies, and in exploring the elements and etymologies of languages without books and sometimes without alphabets. The linguist, on the other hand, who exults in discovering Mongal nouns and adjectives in the obsolete roots and indeclinable particles of the Greek, cannot conceive what charm can be found in the smutty crucibles, and unsavoury acids of the chymist. The chymist is no less at a loss to discover the inducements which lead men to investigate the Dynasties of Bactria and the Revolutions of Osrhoene. Each one eagerly seizes the button-hole, and detains the ear of a luckless companion, while he expatiates upon the rare and marvellous secrets which his indefatigable curiosity has found out. He proposes to inform the complaisant hearer of something highly *curious* and *important*, and if his information does not lighten up the eyes, and animate the features of his friend, his modesty and good sense may possibly prevent him from despising, but nothing can restrain him from pitying and wondering at the insensibility of the listener.

It would be easy to explain by what happy colouring of the Fancy, what delicate links and associations every object of human inquiry acquires dignity and value in our eyes, and awakens our interest and curiosity. By what means every scribbler of volumes that are never read, and every dreamer over musty and antiquated tomes, can conjure up perseverance and zeal in a composition or pursuit which, to every observer, that has not come within the influence of the same spell, and which, even to himself before the date of his own enchantment, appeared stale, tedious, and unprofitable as the *Beldame's twice told tale*: but my reader, I doubt not, will be best pleased to have it left to his own ingenuity.

INSANITY: A FRAGMENT.

— He is an unfortunate kinsman of ours (said Mrs. Ellen) who has been, for some years, a lunatic. She related his story, on my manifesting a curiosity to know the particulars, at some length. This was the substance of it.

Archibald was a youth of very lively parts. His sensibility had become diseased by an assiduous study of those romancers and poets who make love the basis of their fictions. He had scarcely grown up when he contracted a passion for a woman whose chief merit consisted in her

beauty. A new object quickly succeeded. Though he loved for a time, with every appearance of ardour, it was perceived that his affections were easily transferred to a new object, and easily dissolved by absence. Love, however, was his element. He could not exist without it. To sigh, to muse, to frame elegies, was the business of his life. Provided there were some object to receive his amorous devoirs, it seemed nearly indifferent what the real qualifications of the object were. His friends prevailed upon him to put himself under the care of a merchant in Ireland. His situation required that he should qualify himself for some profession, and that of a merchant was chosen by him as liable to the fewest objections. After some time, however, he was brought back to his friends a maniac. A phrenzy at first furious and terrible, subsided into a melancholy harmless to others, but gloomy, silent, and motionless. With scarcely a change of attitude, without opening his lips except to converse on his own misfortunes, on the events that caused his despair, he has remained for some years an example of the fatal effects of addicting the undisciplined mind to books in which nature is so fantastically and egregiously belied. These were the circumstances that produced an effect so mournful.

He had scarcely been settled in his new abode at Cork, when he became attached to a daughter of a wealthy family between which and that in which he resided, a rivalship and enmity had long subsisted. His suit was rejected by the parents, whose interest had been engaged for another, but accepted, as usual, by the daughter, who naturally imagined that this was a question on which no one had a right to decide but herself. The parents supplied the place of argument with force. All access to the lady was denied. Commands and menaces proving of no avail, she was condemned to a rigorous confinement. The lover was persuaded by his friends to make a voyage to the West-Indies. There being no room to hope for a change in the determinations of the lady's family, this expedient was chosen as likely to dissolve a connexion, which, while it lasted, could be productive only of mutual distress. The lady's constancy, however, was heroic. She reserved herself for better times, and while she yielded to personal restraints that could not be resisted, she maintained the freedom of her mind. She was insensible to menaces and persuasions; denied every personal claim on her obedience; and ridiculed the obligations of filial duty. She vindicated the propriety of her choice, and asserted her independence as a reasonable being. Her family having exhausted the obvious expedients, resorted to more atrocious ones: A plan was devised of decoying the lady into an opinion that her lover was false, that he had made his address to a lady in the island to which he had gone, and was on the point of marriage. Her sagacity was equal to her fortitude, but the craft with which she had to contend, was consummate. She was accordingly deceived,

and her courage forsook her, but the resolutions she now formed were evidently different from those which her family expected as the fruit of their schemes. Misfortune had changed a character of no common excellence. It is the property of injustice to propagate itself, to render those who suffer by it vitious as well as miserable. The lady condescended to artifice, and pretended a cheerful compliance with the wishes of her family. Preparations were making for the nuptial rite. The morning of the important day arrived—when she was found dead in her bed.

It is remarkable that an event which the lady's parents had imposed upon their child without believing it themselves, had really taken place. Absence had produced the usual effect upon the lover. He had seen a new object, that had quickly supplanted the old. His ingenuity furnished an opiate to his conscience. He laid his heart at the feet of his new mistress; the present was accepted, and she gave her own in return, and no very distant day was fixed for ratifying the exchange at the altar. Before it arrived, however, tidings reached him, by what means I shall not mention, of the fate of the Irish lady; of her voluntary death in consequence of the belief of his inconstancy. Of the mistaken grounds of this belief, of the means by which it had been produced he was wholly ignorant. As his inconstancy was real, he supposed that she was apprized of no more than the truth. The effect of this information may be easily conceived. He broke off his present connexion, and immediately embarked for Europe, and having arrived at Cork, proceeded without delay to procure an interview with the lady's family. His purpose was to obtain their assent to a proposal sufficiently singular. It was no other than that the vault in which the lady had been interred, should be opened, and he himself be permitted to take a last view of the corpse. He urged his demand with the energy of phrenzy, and at length succeeded.

The solemn period of midnight was selected; the vault was opened in presence of the desperate lover and some of the family of the deceased. They descended the stair-case, and I almost shudder to describe the object that saluted their sight. They beheld the lady, not decently reposing in her coffin and shrouded with a snow-white mantle, but naked: ghastly, stretched on the floor at the foot of the stair-case, with indubitable tokens of having died a second time, a victim to terror and famine. It is not to be wondered at, that a spectacle like this, plunged the unhappy lover into phrenzy the most outrageous. He was torn from the spot, and speedily delivered to the care of his friends.

This story was told by Mrs. E. circumstantially: and of course with much greater minuteness than it is here related.

And is this all, said I? What is his present condition?

Mr. Ellen took up the tale. Such, said he, are the events which are related by the sufferer. These were the topics of his ravings, and this the eternal theme of his more coherent eloquence, when the first paroxysms of his phrenzy had subsided. Such I say, is his own narrative; but I hardly expect to be believed, when I add, that the whole existed only in his own imagination: that not one of those circumstances which my wife has related ever took place: that the whole is a dream, regarded by him indeed as unquestionable reality, but having not the slightest foundation in truth. The period which he imagines to be filled with those events, was passed by him in performing the duties of his new profession: to which, however, he entertained great disrelish; and in wandering at times of leisure among the wildernesses of a romantick conntry, attended only by some favourite author, or delivering himself up to the reveries of his fancy. On his return from one of those excursions, which had been longer than usual, the first tokens of insanity were observed. The symptoms rapidly increased, and the consequences were such as have been related.

Indeed, said I, you have good reason for doubting the assent of your hearers to the truth of such a story. Romeo, who seems to resemble your Archibald in some things, was, I thought, the best specimen of an amorous madman that could be produced, but your enthusiast outstrips Romeo's extravagance by many degrees. Besides, my dear Madam, you seem to assign a strange cause for your kinsman's insanity. I cannot perceive how any course of reading could possibly lead any mind so far astray.

There, William, said Mr. Ellen, I agree with you. I think Sally was wrong in imagining that books of any sort tended in the least to give its peculiar shape to her cousin's insanity.

Well, said the lady, I may be wrong in my *theory*, but of my *facts* I had too many opportunities to know the truth concerning my poor cousin, to have any doubts about *them*.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I read with delight the Poem in your Magazine inscribed to Mr. Scott. The publication of this effusion, elevated in its expression, and indignant at the homage exacted by Mammon, while the Muses are beheld with an averted eye of cold indifference, constitutes an era in

American Literature. Were I allowed to touch the hallowed altar of this inspired Bard, I would read

> And Spring's first violets shall bloom,
> Rear'd by thy hands around his tomb.

This beautiful production does not suffer by a comparison with Moore's Epistle to my Lord Strangford.

Yours,

J. D.

—

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

With due deference and respect to Paracelsus, I wish for the sake of accurate knowledge to ascertain, whether he be correct in his analysis of atmospheric air. I had conceived that the air of our atmosphere, was composed of 72 parts of azotic, 27 of pure air, and *one of carbonic acid gas.*

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

—

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Much as I admire the Biography of Mr. Linn, I cannot admit one position of its author: I cannot suppose that by any enchantment "the filth and unwholesome exhalations of a city" can be delightful to the youthful heart. Neither Addison, nor Akenside could reconcile these things to the pleasures of the imagination.

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

—

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

They who take an interest in the education of our youth will be thankful to Dr. Abercrombie for his edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar. Experience in the respectable profession of teaching had pointed out to that gentleman the want of some supplementary rules; and he has supplied the deficiencies of the original work, with the acuteness of the grammarian, and the erudition of the scholar. It would be uncandid not to acknowledge that, while his additions to the Syntax facilitate the science of parsing, his etymological explanations confer significance on the grammatical terms: without such elucidations the technical words of an art are mere arbitrary sounds.

As I write anonymously I cannot be suspected of having any design to flatter the Director of the Philadelphia Academy. I shall, therefore, not scruple to affirm, that he has both adorned and strengthened the original edifice of Murray; and that those teachers who

value the time and correct progress of their pupils, will do well to appreciate the labours of Dr. Abercrombie, and make his edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar supersede every other edition that is published in the United States.

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following passage from Homer was pronounced by Dr. Johnson (vide Boswell) the noblest advice ever given by a father to a son:

——— καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

The English of this I take to be "transcend others." But ἔμμεναι is not in the imperative, but obviously the infinitive mood. A solution is requested from some of your Greek Correspondents.

I am, &c. X. Y.

VARIETY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ipse VARIETATE tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.
PLIN. EPIST.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis, who is certainly an agreeable and ready writer, has lately been uncommonly industrious; and though in her haste to increase the quantity, she has been too unmindful of the quality of her performances, we still meet with something to admire in her works. Among the latest of her productions is *Les Souvenirs de Felicie L—*, published in Paris last year, in two volumes duodecimo. Under this title, our fair author has formed a very interesting miscellany of Historiettes, bon mots, jests, and anecdotes of Courts, which she had written at different times, and published without the sanction of her name. She has now claimed her right to those which she deemed worthy of being rescued from oblivion, and has presented to the world a volume of choice morsels that will be highly relished at least by the *beaux esprits* of Paris. From this collection we extract the following merry anecdote of a miser.

M. de C—, very rich, but blinded by a cataract formed on both his eyes, came to Paris from the remotest part of Languedoc, to consult a surgeon, who told him that it was time for him to perform the operation of couching, for the success of which he would be answerable. M. de C. inquired what would be the expense of the operation. Fifty guineas replied Granjean.

M. de C. remonstrated grievously against the charge, and was disposed to make a bargain to lower the price; but Granjean was inflexible; and M. de C. had nothing left but patience, submission, and non-resistance. Some days afterward the surgeon performed the operation, when, having removed the cataract from the right eye, M. de C. exclaimed with transport, that his sight was perfectly restored. Come then, said Granjean, let us proceed to the other eye Stay a moment, replied M. de C., you take fifty guineas for the whole operation, that is five and twenty for each eye: now, as I see quite as well as is necessary, and as I wish to see, I shall content myself with one eye; to recover the other would be a very useless luxury; there are your five and twenty guineas.

Madame de Genlis is very facetious with Gibbon, whom she stiles the *Gross Monsieur Gibbon*, when relating this spritely anecdote of him.

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON.

I hear from Lausanne that Mr. Gibbon has been settled there for some time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously fat, that he walks with great difficulty: yet with this figure, and his strange face, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Madame de Crouzas. One day finding himself with her tête-à-tête for the first time, and desirous of availing himself of so favourable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene, and Mr. Gibbon appeared very much embarrassed; but he nevertheless retained his prostrate attitude; and notwithstanding Madame's repeated invitation to reseat himself on his chair, he was motionless and silent. "But Sir," repeated Madame de Crouzas, "rise I beseech you." Alas, Madame," at length answered this unfortunate lover, "*I am not able.*" In truth, the corpulency of his person totally impeded the possibility of his recovering his legs without assistance. Madame de C. then rang the bell, and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibbon to rise.

—

If Canning is the author of "My Pocket Book," he is admirably adapted to fill the easy chair of Rabelais.

—

Of Henry Kirke White, a Biography is expected from the anvil of Southey. A Monody, *secundum artem*, is ready.

— γοεροις στοματεσσι μελισδετε πενθιμον ωδαν.

Biographers share the destiny of those whose lives they commemorate. Currie is now as mute as Burns, and Sir William Forbes has followed Beattie to the habitation appointed for all.

—

Opie gave a degree of projection to his figures unattained since the time of Caravaggio. Of Caravaggio an affecting picture has been exhibited in the poetry of Dermody. *Ut pictura poesis.*

—

An edition of Junius, by the late Almon, will appear soon. It will supply all the newspaper and other articles which Junius answered,

many passages of whose letters are obscure without them. I once contemplated a similar project in London, and in my researches discovered Modestus to be the *nom de guerre* of Cleland.

—

I was always much pleased with an observation of Swift, that, Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think.

—

Genius is the first order of intellect; Talent calls it forth, and Taste assigns to it the place in which it appears to the most advantage.

—

Mr. John Wesley was of opinion that when a dog howled at a flute, the howling was not produced by displeasure, but intended as a vocal accompaniment.

—

Metron Ariston* is the production of Dr. Warner. It is to me conclusive. *Nunc fugit Galatea.*

—

Doctor Johnson's concluding sentence of the Life of Savage is imitated from Addison. Addison says, "Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence; without which, beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible."

—

Mac Cormick, a biographer of Burke, died lately so poor in London that in his last illness he was obliged to part with all his books to supply the necessities of the day.

—

I caught Ovid napping the other day, and *Indignor quandoque dormitat.* He tells us in one line that men lived on acorns, and in the next that the untilled fields brought forth abundant harvests.

—

It has been observed that for an old man to take a young wife is to practise the cruelty of Mezentius:

> Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis
> Complexu in misero.

—

A biographer of Schiller says he did not die rich, because he was not prosaic enough to scrape money together.

—

I am an enthusiast of the Greek language, and never hear a Professor quote Greek without standing up. I learn it, as I have learned French and Latin. I carry an elementary treatise in my pocket, and study it in the parlour, or the stage-coach. Dalzel is my manual, my

* It deserves to be called Πάντων μέτρον ἄριστον.

oracle, my vade mecum. His latinity discovers the purity of Cicero, and the neatness of Paterculus. I shall ever love the Scotch nation because Dalzel was a Scotchman. Dalzel was born at Ratho, near Edinburgh, and breathed his last only a year ago.

—

Dalzel conferred a value on Chevalier's Description of the Plain of Troy, by translating and illustrating it. It was Chevalier who refuted the hypotheses of Bryant by proving that the modern issue of the Scamander is artificial.

—

The Αναλεκτα of Dalzel are now lying on my table. What a precious casket! Possessed of it, I am richer, in my own estimation, than a Bedford or a Beckford. The costly domes of lordly magnificence are vain, perishable, transitory; but Σοφία ἀθάνατον πατρίδι. I lament that I did not encounter Dalzel sooner; I lament that my good genius did not bring me acquainted with him on my natal soil. "But," as Petrarch said, "the example of the elder Cato suggests some comfort and hope; since it was at the last period of age that he attained the knowledge of Greek literature."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

THE PEMBERTONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE venerable JAMES PEMBERTON, who lately departed this life, by the decay of nature, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, was the last of the three brothers of that name, ISRAEL, JAMES, and JOHN, so long celebrated, in the annals of philanthropy, as taking the lead in those benevolent associations, which distinguish the Citizens of Philadelphia.

Their grandfather, PHINEAS PEMBERTON, a member of the Society of Friends, came over from England, in the time of THE PROPRIETOR; and settled, with a number of his brethren, about the Falls of Delaware, where the Indians were then numerous.

His son, commonly called the first ISRAEL PEMBERTON, established himself in Philadelphia; and by the tranquil operation of

honest industry, and prudent thrift, laid the foundation of that good name, and ample patrimony, which he bequeathed, in the year 1754, to the worthy triumvirate, commonly called the Pembertons of Philadelphia.

His eldest son, the second ISRAEL, was a man whose natural eloquence, and habitual liberality early recommended him to public stations, which he occupied with integrity, and resigned without regret, devoting himself, in the latter part of his life, to the exercise of that benevolence to the poor, and hospitality to strangers, to which he had ever been inclined. The Indian natives were particular objects of his bounty, in remembrance of their hospitality to our ancestors, and their deputies on public business were often entertained by him at his ample mansion, at the corner of Chesnut and Third-Streets; where he died in 1779, aged sixty-three years. This house has been since taken down, and the Bank of the United States, and several other public and private buildings, now occupy the scite of its extensive gardens.

JOHN, the youngest of the three, was an eminent example of devotion, and self-denial, as a Gospel minister. He literally forsook all that he had, to follow HIM *that had not where to lay his head;* and this Christian pilgrim, who resided at home in affluence and ease, lies buried in a distant land (Pyrmont in Westphalia) where he laid down his life, with the meekness of a lamb, in consequence of a cold, caught by going many miles, on foot, through rain, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, to deliver a Gospel message to *a people of a strange speech, and of a hard language, whose words he could not understand* [Ezek. iii. 5, 6]. JAMES, the immediate subject of this brief memorial of departed worth, was one of the last members of his religious Society who sat in the Legislative bodies of their country, with the approbation of their brethren; who, after the long period of peaceful prosperity which had been enjoyed under their government had been interrupted by that called the French war (1754 to 1763) discouraged their members from accepting public stations, as having become incompatible with a strict adherence to their religious profession.

At a critical period of the late Revolution (September 1777) he was one of those, together with both his brothers, and about twenty more of the principal Friends of Philadelphia who reluctantly resigned their attachment to the mother country) that were imprisoned, under a general warrant, by the vigilant precaution

of the then Executive Council; and, upon their refusal to confine themselves to their own houses, banished, without a hearing, notwithstanding their spirited remonstrances, (published in Town's Evening Post) to Winchester, in Virginia: whence they were finally liberated, without trial or accusation; and permitted to return to their homes (then in possession of the British army) without any other security than that of their well-known character for upright intention, and peaceable demeanour.

In 1790 he succeeded Dr. Franklin, as President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery; a station which he relinquished in the year 1800; when he gradually withdrew from the various duties that he had so long performed, in Civil, as well as Religious Society: preparing, with cheerfulness, for that awful change, for which he, in his last moments, declared himself ready: as one who had nothing to do but to die; and, through the mercy of God in Christ, receive an admission into the mansions of rest.

His only son (Phineas) died unmarried, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and this ancient Family is now nearly extinct, in the male line: but the name of PEMBERTON will ever be intermingled with the peaceful recollections of the golden age of Pennsylvania.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MR. RICHARD C. JONES.

We substitute, in the place of a brief Biographical Sketch, which we had prepared of the late MR. RICHARD C. JONES, the following Tribute of respect paid to his memory by the Welch Society of this city, at their late anniversary meeting.

In the active and faithful discharge of the duties of this benevolent Institution, the worth of our deceased Friend was conspicuously displayed; and the warmth of affection, with which they have recorded his merits, is an Eulogy at once honourable and decisive.

Extract from the Minutes of the Welch Society.

The Committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a Testimonial of the sense entertained by the Society, of the merits of their lately deceased Secretary, and of the regret excited by his death, beg leave to report the following remarks, and submit, that

they be preserved on the Records, as an expression of the sentiments and feelings of the Society on this mournful occasion:

Since the last meeting of the Welch Society, its members have been called to mourn the departure of their beloved brother and highly valued Secretary, Richard C. Jones. To the present members of this association, it would be unnecessary to present a view of the character and worth of their deceased friend. They have witnessed his excellence, and they justly feel and lament his loss. But, to the future members of the Society it may be useful that a portion of our Records should be devoted to preserve the remembrance of one whose deportment presents so fair and favourable a model of capacity, fidelity, and zeal, as a member and officer of this institution.

At the revival of this Society, under its present arrangements, in the year 1798, Richard C. Jones became a member, and was one of the Stewards first appointed by the Society. The uniform conduct of Mr. Jones, from the day of his admission, as a member, to his death, indicates, with certainty, that his motives in joining the Society, were benevolent, and his principle of action a desire to relieve from suffering and distress. In accordance with this primary impulse, his career was run, with undeviating tenor; and an unfaultering course. He felt not the influence of coldness, or insensibility; but a genial warmth impelled his charities, and a sound prudence directed them to the proper objects.

As a member of the acting committee, he was called on various interesting occasions, to a zealous service in the cause of the distressed. One memorable instance, is within the recollection of many survivors; and cannot but be remembered, with feeling and interest, as long as the great objects of this association are dear to its members. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Jones bore a conspicuous part; and his indefatigable exertions, in concert with his associates of the committee, to alleviate the miseries of a numerous body of emigrants from Wales, were followed by effects upon his health; which he never entirely surmounted. The prevalence of a violent and infectious fever among these emigrants, caused them to be placed at the hospital on Schuylkill; and rendered extremely perilous the discharge of the offices of humanity towards them. Fearless of the danger, and regardless of fatigue, Mr. Jones devoted himself to an unre-

mitting service, for the relief of these afflicted strangers from the multiplied distress, with which they were surrounded. Early and late, he attended the Hospital, administering to the wants of the necessitous, and imparting comfort and consolation to the distressed. The widow and the orphan, were peculiar objects of his solicitude and attention, and this numerous family of sick and comfortless strangers experienced that fellowship and humanity, which our association professes to promote. The exertions of Mr. Jones, amid this scene of sickness and distress, were followed by an attack of the fever, from which, after a painful illness, he recovered; but, as it is apprehended, with a constitution so impaired by its ravages, as never to regain its pristine vigour.

In consequence of the mortality, which prevailed among the Welch emigrants beforementioned, the appointment of an orphan committee became necessary, to accomplish the purposes of the Society. Mr. Jones was appointed on this committee, and discharged the duty with a fatherly and friendly care, congenial with the benevolence of his own heart, and in happy fulfilment of the charitable views of the Institution.

For upwards of six years, Mr. Jones filled, with perfect acceptation to all, the office of Secretary to the Society. His accuracy and fidelity as an officer, coupled with a lively interest in the concerns of the Institution, cause his loss to be felt and sincerely deplored.

In the social and joyous scenes of the Society, as well as in the severest path of duty, our friend was accustomed to display qualities, which endeared him to all, and which will ever be remembered by those who have witnessed his generosity of feeling and complacency of manners.

The last illness of Mr. Jones was short, and his career of usefulness closed, on the 9th of January, 1809. It is no detraction from living worth to say, that as an active and faithful officer, and as a zealous, and useful member of the Welch Society, Richard C. Jones has left behind him no superior.

[In the course of the evening of the anniversary of the Society, the following lines, written for the occasion, were sung to the plaintive air of "Burns's Adieu."]

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. RICHARD C. JONES,

Late Secretary of the Welch Society,

STILL be the sounds of joy and mirth,
Effusions gay, and sportive jest;
The man, whose heart should give them birth,
Is gone to his eternal rest.

When last we met, he graced this board,
With frolic, wit, and glee elate;
This table with his humour roared,
Where, now, alas! we mourn his fate.

To Honour's dictates proudly true,
Of noble and exalted mind,
He practised all the good he knew,
And left a spotless name behind.

But, though, he low and silent lies,
And tells his jocund tale no more;
We'll pledge him still—in tears and sighs
Recount his virtues o'er and o'er.

And as the annual toast shall pass,
Departed worth will claim a tear;
The gem shall sparkle in the glass,
To JONES, to Truth, and Virtue dear.

Shade of the man we loved so well!
Though fate decided we should part;
Thy mem'ry shall forever dwell
Engraven on each Cambrian heart.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

—— O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain:
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain.—GOLDSMITH.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you the following stanzas, in gratitude for the pleasure some of your fugitive Port Folios have afforded me; I am not a poet, but only a poor soldier. But, amid my military cares, I find some leisure for scribbling; a habit, which you may encourage, or not, as you please. If you insert the subsequent poem, please to forward to me one, or two copies; and, when we take Canada, or South America, I will become one of your most munificent patrons.

I am respectfully yours,

ALEXIS.

EFFUSION TO HYGEIA.

Written on my recovery from procrastinated indisposition.

JOY'S ecstatic blush returns;
Again my blood with ardour burns
From thy inspiring smile:
O Health! Thy form the bloom of Heaven,
And power, by JOVE to thee were given
Our sorrows to beguile.

While beauty charms, or love can bind,
The vagrant sense, and truant mind,
Thy power shall man adore;
And lovely woman, prone to sigh,
Shall smile most sweet, when thou art nigh,
And Eden's bliss restore!

Health's soft suffusion of our frame,
Its rosy mantling on the face;
Joy's thrilling pulse, and love's bright flame;
The glow of genius, step of grace;
'Tis thine, BLEST POWER! alone to give;
To banish pain, and bid us live.

The ethereal spark, which God has given,
To light our fragile steps to Heaven,
Our bosoms to possess;
Receives from Thee th' enkindling glow,
Which warms and brightens all below,
Of human happiness.

Who worships Thee, and would be blest,
With joy, must list thy high behest,
And rigidly obey:
" Thy various powers of form and mind,
" Employ, as NATURE has design'd,
" Through each revolving day.

" Yield not to *Indolence*, or *Fear;*
" Shun *Syren Vice*, and all her charms;
" The GREAT FIRST CAUSE, with love, revere,
" And press THY PARTNER to thy arms.
" Then shall my roses flush thy face,
" Till silvery locks shall shade its grace."

ALEXIS.

Sacket's Harbour, Lake Ontario,
December 13th, 1808.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE WOODLANDS.

To view thy wonders, ROME, I used to sigh,
To breathe beneath thy pure transparent sky,
Thy pictures, statues, lofty domes to see,
And own thy far-spread fame surpass'd in thee;
Till late, invited by the *Woodland's* shades,
I stray'd among its green, embower'd glades,
Where bright the wave of winding Schuylkill glides,
And Peace, with Hamilton and Taste, resides.
Rear'd by his care, unnumber'd balmy sweets,
The gladden'd eye in gay confusion meets.
The flow'ry treasures of each distant land,
Collected, cherish'd by his fostering hand;
And all the produce of the varying year,
Profusely scattered at his wish appear.

Led on by Fancy's secret, magic call,
I reach the mansion, I ascend the hall;
What fairy forms I see around me rise!
What charms, what beauties strike my raptur'd eyes!
On every side, the living canvas speaks;
A *god* pursues, the flying maiden shrieks;
Or *Night*,* with starry robe and silver bow,
Sheds her mild lustre on the calm below.
Then, while within the *Woodland's* fair domain,
The Muses rove, and Classic pleasures reign;
For distant climes no longer will I sigh,
No longer wish to distant realms to fly;
But often seek these charming, verdant glades,
But often wander in these fragrant shades;
Oft mark the place, where little Naiads mourn,
With ceaseless sighs, around their *Shenstone's* urn;
Where bright the wave of winding Schuylkill glides,
And Peace, with *Hamilton* and Taste, resides.

LAURA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO STELLA.

Yes, lovely maid, thy truant sigh
Has reached thy Henry's faithful breast;
And treasured there, shall ever lie,
To sooth his troubled soul to rest.

And could'st thou think, within that soul,
The "tender passion" lulled to sleep?
No, scorning reason's stern control,
It wak'd, but only wak'd to weep.

Yet vain thy wish, too charming maid,
To call thy lovely wanderer home;
Ten thousand for that one I've paid,
And hence, no, never shall it roam.

* The picture of Night, is one of the most beautiful in the Collection.

But press'd upon this bleeding heart,
Which long with dark despair hath strove;
A sov'reign balm it shall impart,
Assurance of my Stella's love.

HENRY DE CLIFFORD.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

THOUGH some who prate of love's combustion,
But deal in travesty and fustian,
Because it is the fashion;
Cupid at me of late let drive,
And, Oh! I'm *terrified* alive,
By love's *volcanic* passion.

No other work of Nature's hand,
No fabled nymph of fairy land,
No vision of the fancy,—
Nothing in heaven or earth or air,
Is half a hundredth part so fair,
As my dear little Nancy.

With her the Graces and the Nine,
And all that poets call divine,
Can challenge no comparisons;
But Venus, Hebe and the rest,
With more than mortal beauty blest,
Would seem a set of Saracens.

When Nature form'd the nymph so neat,
The matchless maiden more complete,
Than ever eye beheld:
Dame Venus like a vixen bold,
Impell'd by Envy broke the mold,
To see herself excell'd.

And I would turn, with all my heart,
A Mussulman like Bonaparte,

If Mahomet had one such;
Would scale his walls of paradise,
Or break the gate down in a trice;
But Mahomet has none such.

AQUILA QUIZ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE wind howl'd o'er the snowy plain,
And whistled through the window pane,
And aged leafless tree;
In whirling drifts on Logan's hill,
The feathery flakes were falling still,
And frost had closed the wimpling rill,
That swept round village G.
The villagers, a simple train,
Commenced their winter work again,
The woodman told his tale;
The harvest of the summer bland,
Now felt the force of Toilman's hand,
In the descending flail.
Around our cheerful, blazing fire,
Did Bayley's song our hearts inspire,
Or Bensel strike the Muse's lyre,
How merrily we sat;
The fleeting hours were gayly spent,
Each joy-tun'd feature beam'd content,
For all was mirth and merriment,
And sweet domestic chat.
The cold north-east might keener blow,
Whirling aloft the drifty snow,
And frozen rivulet cease to flow,
In icy-fetters bound;
We heeded not the chilly air,
For smiling friendship crown'd us there,
And wit went flashing round.
When o'er the deep blue vault of heaven,
Majestic rose the star of even,
With silver-tinged ray;

O'er all the scene a softened glow,
In liquid radiance seemed to flow,
Like moonshine on a field of snow,
And make a mimic day:
Then would I hail the thrilling sound,
Of Friendship's welcome tap,
For oft I sat in thought profound,
Marking the hours move slowly round,
In pensive stilness wrapt;
And heedless of their silent flight,
I passed the stilly "noon of night,"
Or lost in fancy's waking dreams,
Pensive I mused o'er early scenes,
In glowing colours dyed;
And deep in friendship's hallowed shrine,
Recording Memory trac'd the line,
Which Time's fell power defy'd:
Oh! Time, as we move hand in hand,
Through winter drear, and summer bland,
Oh! stay thy ruin-marking wand,
Suspend thy toil awhile;
And grant me, as I dance along,
Melodious Bayley's moving song,
And Bensell's friendly smile.

Germantown. LLEWELLYN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Verses written on beholding the miniature of Miss Mary C——, a lady whom the writer has never seen.

TO HER SISTER, MISS JULIA C——.

How beautiful this work of art!
So well portray'd it is, my heart
Concludes, the likeness true:
The artist with his subject fir'd
Has surely gaz'd till love inspir'd,
The picture that he drew.

And well might love impart his aid,
For in such eyes as thine, sweet maid,
The god is ever seen:
Proud to possess the fount of day,
He guides the heart-entrancing ray,
And lights the winning mein.

Painter, thou'st hit it to a hair,
The likeness must be good, for there
The sister's smile I see;
In truth thou hast her lovely cheeks,
Which blush so sweetly when she speaks,
In silver tones to me.

I fain would have a picture too;
Come, Julia, let me study you,
No fairer maid I know;
Behold all's ready; sit to me,
Th' impatient painter longs to see
The pictur'd Julia grow.

How vain the wish! weak youth, forbear!
Those beamy eyes, that magic air,
To paint them, ah! how vain!
I'll gaze no more; my heart now free,
Should long I feast my eyes on thee,
May be enchain'd again. G.

From *Il Fiore della Poesia Italiana.*

LA PRIMAVERA. DI DE ROSSI.

Amor volea schernir la primavera
Sulla breve durata, e passeggiera
Dei vaghi fiori suoi.
Ma la bella stagione a lui rispose
Forse i piaceri tuoi
Vita più lunga avran delle mie rose?

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The little wanton god of love,
As whilom flutt'ring through a grove,
Reproach'd the Spring: "Though now so gay
"Thy glories soon shall fade away."
The Spring replied: "Thou purblind boy,
"More fleeting far is all thy joy."

M. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM,

A STINGY fellow, 'tis no matter who,
Had, "once upon a time," some work to do;
He told a man, they called him Sam, I think,
That if he'd do this job, he'd give him drink,
Such as could not in any place be sold,
For it was then exactly *ten years old.*
The work is done, the miser gives the dram,
"How old do you call dis Massa," says poor Sam,
"Ten years exactly,"—"Ten years!" in a rage
Says Sam, "He be damn little of his age."

K. D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On a beautiful young lady whose slippers were fastened with ribbands, tied in bows.

YOUR conquests, Amanda, must now be complete,
For I see you have prostrate *two beaus* at your feet.

NUPTIAL.

—— Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich, in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.——SHAKSPEARE.

MARRIED, at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, Mr. SIMEON MASON, of Swanzey, aged 74, to Miss EXPERIENCE BAKER, of Rehoboth, aged 79.

OBITUARY.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death alone, can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.——DR. YOUNG.

DIED, on Monday, the 30th January, Mrs. WILLIAMINA BOND, widow of the late worthy Doctor PHINEAS BOND.

This venerable lady was eminently gifted with a strength of faculty, unimpaired by a very advanced age; and possessed a heart whose felicity it was to dispense every act of charity and good will.

Bereft of a most affectionate husband, and left with the care of a large family, in a season of much peril, she acquitted herself of the double charge which devolved upon her, in a manner to rivet the duty of her children, who revered her, and to excite the love and admiration of all who knew her.

Of a most delicate cast of mind, with a ready discernment of character, she was liberal in her opinions, and tender to the failings of humanity.

She was particularly distinguished by a cheerful and benign disposition; by a force of expression, and candour of sentiment, which secured the confidence even of strangers.

Regardless of all selfish views, she was ever, zealously, occupied in contributing to the happiness and comfort, or in ministering to the affliction of others.

Beneficent without ostentation, moral without display, a standard of rational virtue. Few have, so faithfully, performed their great task. None have, more scrupulously, discharged the best duties of life.

In the devout faith of a true Christian, she beheld the approach of Death, with the firm assurance of a life well spent; and closed a long career of usefulness, with a spirit, undiminished by the severity of a tedious illness, or the waste of fourscore years.

"No more sweet Patience, feigning, oft, relief,
"Lights thy sick eye, to lull thy children's grief;
"With tender art to save their anxious moan,
"No more thy bosom presses down its own;
"Now well-earned Peace is thine, and bliss secure:
"Theirs be the task of wo, the sorrowing tear."

On Friday the 24th Instant departed this life in the 48th year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRICE, wife of Mr. Samuel Price, Merchant; and daughter of the late Dr. Robert Bass.

Beloved and respected by all who knew her, her death will long be lamented by an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance: for, being possessed

of those amiable qualities which give real value to the female character, her presence always exhilarated the social circle, relaxed the brow of care, soothed the sigh of sorrow, and solaced the murmur of misfortune.

A cultivated mind, a benevolent disposition, and a cheerful temper, induced that dignity of deportment, that affability and suavity of address, which never fail to command respect, and to captivate the affections.

The blameless tenor of a virtuous life enabled her to sustain the depredations of disease with Christian fortitude, and to receive the summons of death with Christian resignation.

"Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene;
"Resumes them to prepare us for the next.
"Deaths stand like Mercuries in every way,
"And kindly point us to our journey's end."

—

Departed this life on Monday the 12th September last, after a short, but very severe illness, which she sustained with pious resignation, Mrs. Miriam Gratz, wife of Mr. Michael Gratz of this City. By the death of this exemplary lady her afflicted husband has lost a faithful and attentive partner, her family are bereaved of a tender and affectionate parent, and society of one of its most useful members. Her life exhibited the practice of every virtue. In adversity she was patient and cheerful, in prosperity she was humble and charitable; and always obedient to the will of heaven, she saw the approach of death with serenity and meekness, and met his cold embrace without a struggle. In contemplating the steadfast virtue which supported her at that awful moment we may all find reason to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like *her's*."

—

On the 10th Inst. departed this life, in the 74th year of his age, Mr. HENRY WARD PIERCE; and on Monday his remains were interred in Christ-Church Burial Ground. Mr. Pierce was a native of Cœcil county, in the then province of Maryland. Before the revolution he resided at his patrimonial farm on the banks of Chesapeake, and held an appointment in the Magistracy. For several years past he has spent his time in this city, in the ease and retirement of private life.

If a temper cheerful and contented, a heart kind and benevolent, a mind polished, and the correct manners of a gentleman, can endear the memory of any man to his relations and acquaintances, the deceased will certainly be recollected with no common portion of affection and regret, for some years to come.

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Edwin sc.

William Penn